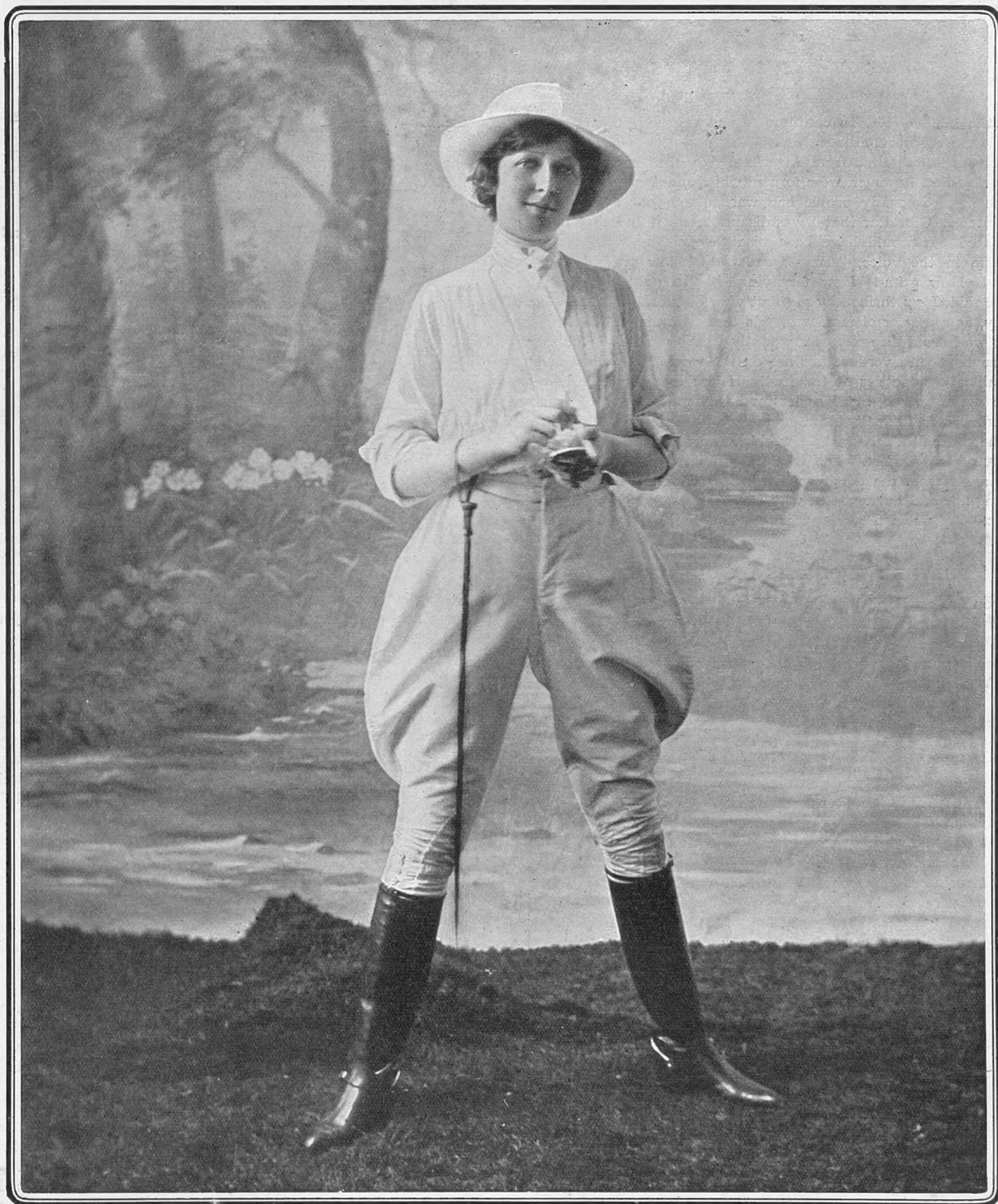


The Sketch

No. 1014.—Vol. LXXVIII.

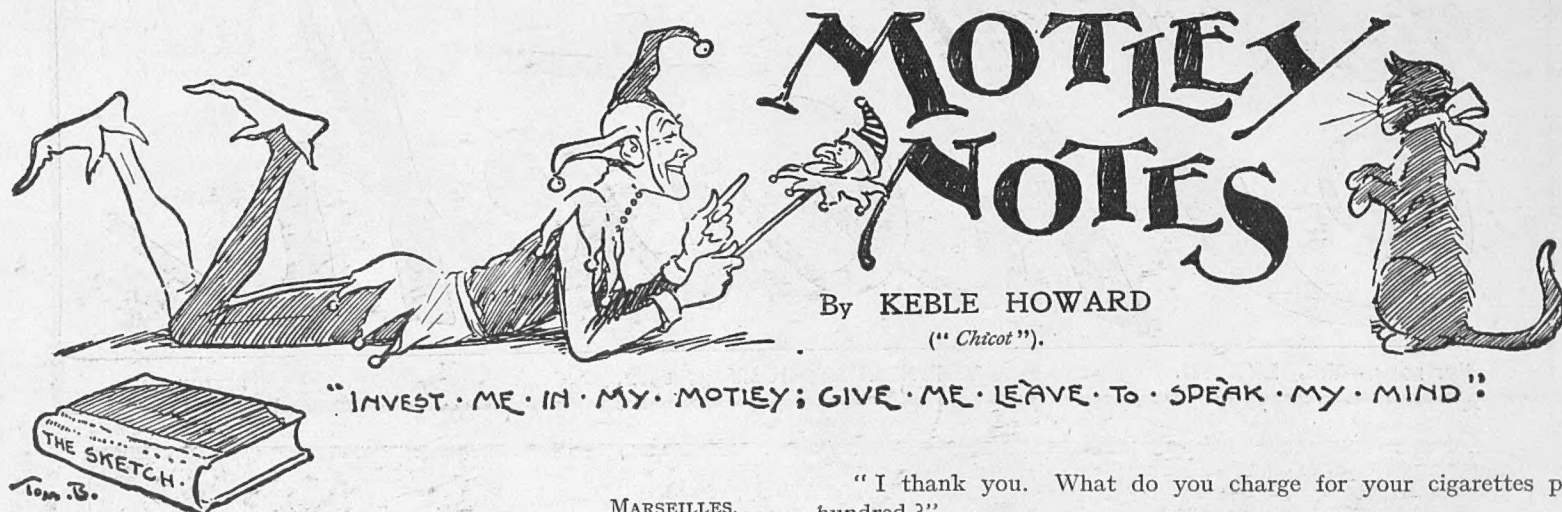
WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



TOMMY IN RIDING TOGS—WHITE BREECHES AND ALL: MISS MARIE LÖHR AS LADY THOMASIN
IN "THE AMAZONS," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

As Lady Thomasin Belturbet in "The Amazons," more familiarly addressed by her mother as Tommy, Miss Marie Löhr makes a charming figure in the various masculine costumes in which she appears, with her two sister Amazons. Perhaps the most attractive of all is the riding dress, as seen in the above photograph. It is certainly an improvement, from the picturesque point of view, on the conventional riding-habit of the present day.—[Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.]



TO EDITOR, *SKETCH*, LONDON.

(From Our Special Commissioner.)

I have the honour, Sir, to continue my report with reference to Gibraltar and the ports adjacent.

I arrived at Gibraltar from Algeciras. My first impressions of the historic Rock, however, were formed whilst making the approach from Tangier. So many people had warned me that I should be disappointed in Gibraltar that I was disappointed to find that I was disappointed. It would have been nice to exclaim, with genuine enthusiasm in the voice, "How wonderful! How grand! How majestic! How grim! How terrifying!!! In spite of all that you have said, I am thrilled by my first view of Gibraltar!" What I did say, as a matter of fact, was, "Is that Gibraltar? Oh."

Here we have a nice rock rising gently from the sea. It is more or less covered with verdure (we are on the west side), and a nice, comfortable town nestles at the foot. If you look very hard you may see a gun or two, but I understand that most of the guns are concealed. It is difficult for a civilian to understand why they should be concealed. The whole world knows that Gibraltar is not merely a pleasure-resort. The whole world knows that it is safer to keep away from that little rock lest something should suddenly go "Bang!" and hurt. Then why conceal the guns?

NOTE.—To give a fiercer appearance to Gibraltar.

FURTHER THOUGHTS ON GIBRALTAR.

When you are an Englishman travelling on a foreign boat, with a passenger-list composed of every nationality in the world, you must comport yourself with delicacy as you approach Gibraltar. You must not assume a sudden strut or a spasmodic swagger. The temptation, I know, is to walk the deck with a jaunty, self-conscious air, and look hard into the eyes of those of your fellow-passengers who have no share in the Rock.

Do not, I beg of you, give way to that impulse. It is very nice to know that the Rock belongs to England, and to see the British flag flying from the little launch that comes alongside, and to hear a British voice demanding the number of passengers and crew. Pretend, none the less, that you are not elated. Loll lazily over the side as though the world was smothered with Gibaltars, all of them in the possession of the British. I tried, for my part, to do this. I took the greatest pains, Sir, to avoid embittering the relations of this nation with the Dutch, the French, the Portuguese, and the rest. True, I was permitted, as a British subject, within the fortifications, whilst they were not; but one made as little as possible of this.

I was surprised to find a comfortable town of large proportions at the Rock. I have always thought of it as a fortress and nothing else. As a matter of fact, one could spend a very pleasant and a very interesting month at Gibraltar.

FINAL THOUGHTS ON GIBRALTAR.

People who wish to save money will be well advised to select some other pleasure-resort than Gibraltar. I went with four friends into an hotel in the main street. We asked for five glasses of lager beer. Our humble order went unnoticed for some time, but at last we persuaded a superior person to serve the beer. He retorted by charging us one shilling a glass.

I went into a tobacconist's shop and said: "Pardon me, but is it true that cigarettes and cigars are cheap in Gibraltar?"

"No," said the tobacconist.

MARSEILLES.

"I thank you. What do you charge for your cigarettes per hundred?"

"Seven-and-six, eight-and-six, ten-and-six, fourteen-and-six, fifteen-and-six."

"You were right, my good fellow. This is not the place to come to for bargains in cigarettes. And the cigars per hundred?"

"Twenty-five shillings, thirty shillings, thirty-five, forty-five, fifty-five—and so on. I can do you a cigar at almost any price."

"Have you a nice, mild cigar, well rolled, fine tobacco, for about twopence?"

As you approach the Rock from the East, you notice that a large portion of it is smooth, sloping, and cemented. I told my fellow-passengers that this was an ingenious trick for getting the shells of the enemy to glide harmlessly over the summit, and was invented and patented by Lord Kitchener. They were so impressed that I had not the heart to contradict the story. In point of fact, I understand that the cemented portion has something to do with the water-supply.

There are one or two other jolly rocks in the Mediterranean, but none of them, I am afraid, is in quite such a favourable position as Gibraltar.

NOTE.—That Gibraltar is too good to give away.

MARSEILLES.

Marseilles, Sir, is not, perhaps, the dirtiest town in the world, but I think it must be the noisiest. I "slept" one night only in Marseilles. My room had a balcony commanding a view of the old harbour.

"This is very charming," I thought. "When Marseilles is in bed and asleep, when the roar of the traffic is still, when the cafés are closed, when the shouts of the drunkards are hushed, I shall step out on to this balcony and revel in the view of the old harbour by moonlight." I did not know at that juncture that Marseilles never does go to bed, that the roar of the traffic never is still, that the cafés never are closed, that the shouts of the drunkards never are hushed. I went to bed at twelve-thirty. I woke at two-thirty, and the city was just as lively as it had been all the evening. At four, at five, at six, and at seven it was precisely the same. The talk and the laughter beneath my balcony never stopped all night, and I am told that it never does stop.

NOTE.—If you value sleep, shun Marseilles.

POINTS ON MARSEILLES.

(1) Pay for your cab directly you step out of it. A moment's delay will cost you another one-franc-fifty. This is a printed rule.

(2) If you are courting death, drive in a cab from your ship to the town through two or three miles of docks. You can be crushed, mangled, or drowned—just as it happens.

(3) Everybody in the world, at some time or another, visits Marseilles. He has to.

(4) There are some Zoological Gardens at Marseilles. The animals are so fond of the city that there is no necessity to keep them in cages.

(5) "Marseilles is now prepared to take its place as a health resort and watering-place." This is an extract from a local guide-book. My own impression is that Marseilles has already taken its place as a health-resort and watering-place, and will keep it.

(6) From Marseilles you can get very quickly to Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, and other such places. Much as I hated to leave Marseilles, I went to Nice.

Next week, Sir, in concluding my report, I shall have the honour to submit to you certain inconsequent Notes on Rotterdam and The Hague.

LONDON'S ROSES — NOT BY ANY MEANS WILD.



1. A CHAUFFEUR BUYS FROM A PEERESS: VISCOUNTS ACHESON EFFECTING A SALE.
4. SPENDING THE MOST DELIGHTFUL DAY OF HER LIFE: THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK AS A FLOWER-SELLER IN BOND STREET.
7. INSURING ADDITIONS TO THE EXCHEQUER: MISS LLOYD GEORGE (ON THE RIGHT) AND MISS ROBERTS OUTSIDE THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

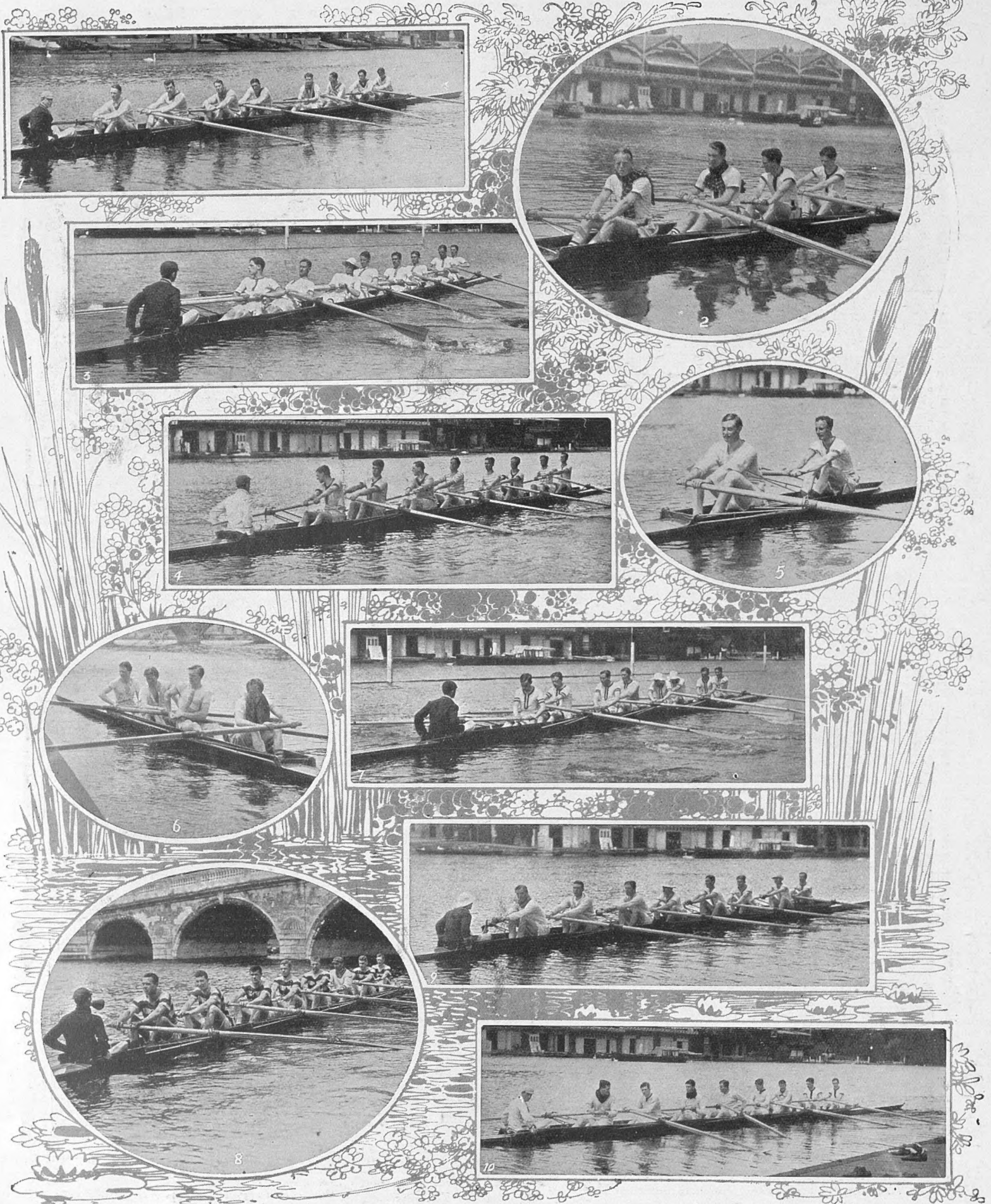
2. A PRIMROSE THAT SOLD THE WILD ROSE: THE MARCHIONESS OF CREWE BRINGING FRESH SUPPLIES TO HER PITCH OUTSIDE THE STOCK EXCHANGE.
5. ROSES FOR THE BONNET: MISS DE BITTENCOURT DECORATES A MOTOR-CAR IN BOND STREET.
8. AN ANGLO-RUSSIAN ENTENTE: MRS. DYKE SPICER AND RUSSIAN OFFICERS AT THE WAR OFFICE.

3. CALLING HIM TO ORDER: MISS LOWTHER, THE SPEAKER'S DAUGHTER, SELLING A ROSE TO COLONEL LOCKWOOD, M.P., OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.
6. BUTTONHOLING A PORTER: LADY MAGDALEN BULKELEY AND MRS. SELBY LOWNDES IN THE MALL.
9. OF THE BOND STREET CONTINGENT: LADY VICTORIA PERY (ON THE RIGHT) AND MRS. HECTOR SASSOON.

The ladies of London turned out in their tens of thousands on Alexandra Day to sell wild roses in the streets, and their efforts transformed the town into something like a huge garden fête. The financial results were most satisfactory, it being conjectured that something like £25,000 was raised for hospitals and charities in the name of the Queen-Mother. One or two of the allusions to portraits on this page call for explanation. The Marchioness of Crewe, it will be remembered, is a daughter of Lord Rosebery, and before her marriage was known as Lady Margaret Primrose. The Countess of Limerick, describing her day as a flower-seller in Bond Street, where her daughter, Lady Victoria Pery, was also stationed, said she had never spent a more delightful day in her life. Miss Lloyd George is, of course, the daughter of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Photographs by Sport and General, C.N., Record Press, Topical, and L.N.A.

THE SERIOUS SIDE OF "HENLEY": CREWS IN THE REGATTA.



1. DRAWN AGAINST THE LONDON ROWING CLUB IN THE GRAND CHALLENGE: THE LEANDER EIGHT.
2. COMPETING FOR THE WYFOLD CUP: THE TRINITY HALL (CAMBRIDGE) FOUR.
3. DRAWN AGAINST ORIEL (OXFORD) IN THE THAMES CUP: THE CORPUS CHRISTI (OXFORD) EIGHT.
4. THE HEAD OF THE RIVER AT OXFORD IN THE EIGHTS OF 1912: THE NEW COLLEGE EIGHT FOR THE GRAND CHALLENGE.
5. DRAWN AGAINST THE HOLDERS, J. BERESFORD AND A. H. CLOUTTE (THAMES R.C.) IN THE SILVER GOBLET: L. J. CADBURY AND F. E. HELLVER (FIRST TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE).

6. HOLDERS OF THE WYFOLD CUP: THE PEMBROKE (CAMBRIDGE) FOUR, DRAWN AGAINST THE ROYAL ENGINEERS' BOATING CLUB.
7. DRAWN AGAINST ETON COLLEGE, THE HOLDERS, IN THE LADIES' PLATE: THE MAGDALEN (OXFORD) EIGHT.
8. DRAWN AGAINST THE SYDNEY ROWING CLUB IN THE GRAND CHALLENGE: THE ARGONAUT ROWING CLUB (TORONTO) EIGHT.
9. HOLDERS OF THE THAMES CUP AND DRAWN AGAINST THE LONDON ROWING CLUB: THE FIRST TRINITY (CAMBRIDGE) EIGHT.
10. THE HEAD OF THE RIVER AT CAMBRIDGE IN THE 1912 MAY RACES: JESUS COLLEGE, DRAWN AGAINST LINCOLN COLLEGE (OXFORD) FOR THE LADIES' PLATE.

The number of crews taking part in Henley Regatta this year is a record, partly owing to the fact that a new rule forbids a crew to compete both for the Thames Cup and the Ladies' Plate. In addition to the events mentioned above there are the Stewards' Cup, the Visitors' Cup, and the Diamond Sculls. An interesting heat for the Grand Challenge Cup will be that between the two Colonial crews from Canada and Australia. The winner of this heat will have to row against New College, Oxford—an eight which is considered to have a good chance of winning the cup. The Leander eight has also many supporters. In the Wyfold Cup event the Trinity Hall four will meet the winner of the heat between the Henley Rowing Club and Queen's College, Cambridge.—*Photographs by Sport and General.*

FROM EAST TO WEST: LOYALTY IN AND OUT OF DOORS.



A ROYAL GARDEN PARTY AT THE PALACE: THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF VARIETY.

On Sunday night a dress rehearsal of the Command Performance, due for the following night, took place at the Palace Theatre, attended by a crowded audience, including many celebrities. Our photograph shows "Variety's Garden Party," in which 150 popular members of the Variety profession appeared and sang "God Save the King" at the close of the programme. In the centre may be seen Mr. Harry Claff as the White Knight, who sang the solo part of the National Anthem. Just to the right in the photograph is sitting G. H. Chirgwin, and a little to the left Miss Vesta Tilley in military uniform. Among other well-known performers taking part in the tableau were Miss Victoria Monks, Miss Peggy Pryde, Miss Vesta Victoria, Mr. Charles Coborn, Mr. T. E. Dunville, Mr. Gus Elen, Mr. Harry Randall, and Mr. Arthur Rigby.

Photograph by Hana.



DAMP BUT NOT DAMPED: LOYAL SUBJECTS UNDER UMBRELLAS AT BRISTOL.

Bristol did not provide royal weather for the visit of the King and Queen on June 28, for a hailstorm broke over the city in the middle of the chief event—the opening of the King Edward VII. Memorial Infirmary. It began just after the King had read his reply to an address, and it was amid a deluge of rain that he declared the Infirmary open. As our photograph shows, however, the inclemency of the weather in no way damped the loyal enthusiasm of the Bristolians, who turned up in their thousands and patiently waited in the rain.—[Photograph by C.N.]

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THE CLUBMAN

A NEW SCHOOL AT HENLEY; THE DAY OF THE DOG-ROSE; AND "THE MAN WHO KEPT THE FLAG FLYING."

Royal Henley.

We are at the beginning of what should be a record Henley, for not only will the presence of the King and Queen on Saturday, and their procession up and down the course in the royal barge, bring to the old town tens of thousands of sightseers who love to be where royalty is, but the racing this year gives promise of being exceptionally interesting. There are two Colonial crews—the Argonaut (of Toronto) and Sydney, New South Wales—in the Grand Challenge Cup, and a third school besides Eton and Radley is to row in the heats for the Ladies' Plate. The newcomer is Shrewsbury School. Year after year, the boys of Radley, with pink as their colour, have rowed with extraordinary game-ness, hoping always that the time may come when they will beat the light blue of Eton. The school is smaller in numbers, and the boys are younger in years than those of Eton, and there is true British pluck in the game struggle they make.

Shrewsbury School. The Shrewsbury boys have the Severn as their practising water, and the school itself goes almost as far back into history as Eton itself, for it was founded in the reign of Edward VI., in 1551, 110 years later than Henry the Sixth's foundation of the "King's College of Our Lady of Eton beside Windsor." There is one phrase which was always used in connection with Henley in its palmy days—that it was possible "to walk from one side of the river to the other on the boats on the course." This phrase of late years it has not been possible to use, but I am sure that we shall see it in every paper in describing the day of the King's visit. It is pleasant to know that the subscriptions this year to the Regatta Fund have been largely increased, and that the clubs, notably Phyllis Court Club, have responded nobly to the appeal for funds.

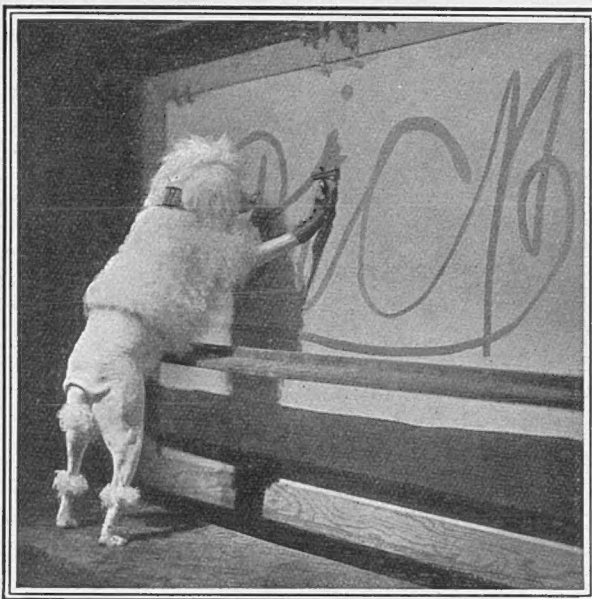
The Rose as a Badge.

There was no man in a black coat, and few in fustian, who did not wear a rose on Queen Alexandra's Day as a sign of affectionate loyalty to that Sea-King's daughter who landed fifty years ago in England to wed the Heir to the Throne; and as every rose worn meant a subscription to the charities in which Queen Alexandra is interested, it is to be hoped that the day of the dog-rose will be kept annually for Charity's sweet sake, and in honour of that Danish Princess who won, half a century ago, the hearts of all Britons, and who has had them in her keeping ever since. We in England are a little too apt to debase our flowers to political purposes—to use our cornflowers for the Blues, and our yellow roses for the Buffs; and one of the great Parties of the State claims the lowly primrose as its

badge, but no political hands have been laid on the wild white rose since the days of the Wars of the Roses, though the Jacobites tried to claim it as their own, and our Danish widowed Queen has now dedicated the most English of all flowers to the cause of mercy.

Fifty Years Ago. The earliest of my recollections as a small boy was the coming into London of the Princess Alexandra to wed our then Prince of Wales. I recall, as a boy of seven, the almost intolerable weariness of sitting for long hours on a hard seat in one of the stands that were erected; and the mass of flags and the crimson of the stuff with which the stand was draped impressed me tremendously. The noise of the crowd and the chaff that went on, the music of a band which was stationed somewhere near, the glimpse of the Princess's face in a carriage as she passed, and, perhaps most of all, the rush of the crowd in the wake of the procession, all come back to me as though it were something I had seen in a dream. I fancy that crowds must make a great impression upon a young boy's mind, for another of my vivid boyish remembrances of about the same period is of the great crowd of roughs and ragged boys and girls who ran alongside and followed Garibaldi's carriage when he drove to pay a visit to some friend who lived in one of the houses close to Regent's Park, a sight I saw from an upper window in Kent Terrace.

Sir George White. Sir George White was to this generation what Henry Lawrence was to our fathers—the man who kept the flag flying; and exactly the same spirit which prompted Henry Lawrence to draft a telegram from Lucknow to the Government of India, commencing, "There should be no surrender," animated Sir George White when he heliographed from Ladysmith to Sir Redvers Buller: "The loss of 10,000 men here would be a heavy blow to England. We must not yet think of it." Sir George White was Commander-in-Chief during part of the time I served in India, and no kinder, no more genial gentleman, and no finer soldier ever commanded the army in our great Eastern Empire. Sir George and Lady White were the most hospitable of hosts at Snowden, the Commander-in-Chief's house at Simla, and they took with them to Gibraltar, later on, the same splendid Eastern open-handedness. It is always said in chaff that no man or officer in a Highland regiment is half so Scotch as the Irishmen in it, and Sir George White, who was born in Antrim, was an example of this, for in the Gordons he was the beau-ideal of a Highland officer, and he always believed that no troops in the world were comparable to our kilted regiments.



64565. Germany.
A VERY LEGIBLE PAW: DICK—A DOG WHO HAS MASTERED TWO OF THE THREE R'S—WRITING HIS OWN NAME.

Dick, the accomplished dog now appearing at the London Hippodrome, can write with pen and ink, using both paws equally well, as he is ambidextrous. He is also an arithmetician, doing sums by taking down figures from a board. Thus he has mastered two of the three R's (Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic). He also has the colour-sense, and knows the difference between red, white, and yellow.

Photograph by C.N.



A BLIND MAN LISTENING TO THE FLAME OF A MATCH: THE OPTOPHONE, AN INSTRUMENT WHICH MAKES SUNLIGHT ROAR AND MOONLIGHT PURR.

A remarkable instrument, known as the optophone, which makes light audible, has been invented by Mr. Fournier d'Albe, lecturer on physics at Birmingham University. Light directed on to a selenium cell, to which an electric battery is attached, moves a sensitised indicator, and this movement is made audible by a telephone apparatus. Thus a blind person can locate light by sound. Sunlight is said to roar, while moonlight makes a gentler sound. The photograph shows a blind man listening to the light of a match at the Optical Convention at South Kensington. The inventor is on the extreme left, wearing glasses.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



PARK LANE is experiencing a season of changes. The Beit house is now a Guest house, two Caryatides are gone, Dorchester House is to have a new mistress in the not distant future, and now Dudley House goes back to the family of Dudley. There are many reasons why Mr. John Ward, Lord Dudley's brother, should be pleased to return to Park Lane, and that Mrs. Ward becomes the near neighbour of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, is not the least among them. Dudley House is the second in the Lane that is built on coal foundations. Dudley money, like Londonderry money, has been largely shovelled up from the pits, but it does not follow that Dudley House, following the grimy example of Londonderry House, will prefer a coat of soot to a coat of paint. Sir Joseph Robinson has kept it, within and without, in excellent trim; but it has been a house of call, rather than of settlement, for him—"The Dudley Arms," as he often called it, in allusion to the shield and its devices retained throughout his tenure above its main door. Mr. Ward, by his return to Dudley House, is saved the bother of renaming his new residence. He need not, like Lord Derby, transport his title from one set of bricks to another, to the confusion of even the intelligent taxi-driver. Changes are always difficult, and sometimes impossible. When Lord Chesterfield moved to Regent's Park he found his house could be



DEEPLY TOUCHED BY LONDON'S WELCOME ON ALEXANDRA DAY: THE QUEEN-MOTHER.

In her telegram of thanks to the Countess of Wilton, President of the Alexandra Day Committee, Queen Alexandra said: "Nothing could have touched me more than the very kind welcome given me by both high and low."

Photograph by G.P.U.

Mr. Ward, in mitigation of its obvious splendours, re-christens it with another family name, and calls it—Humble House.

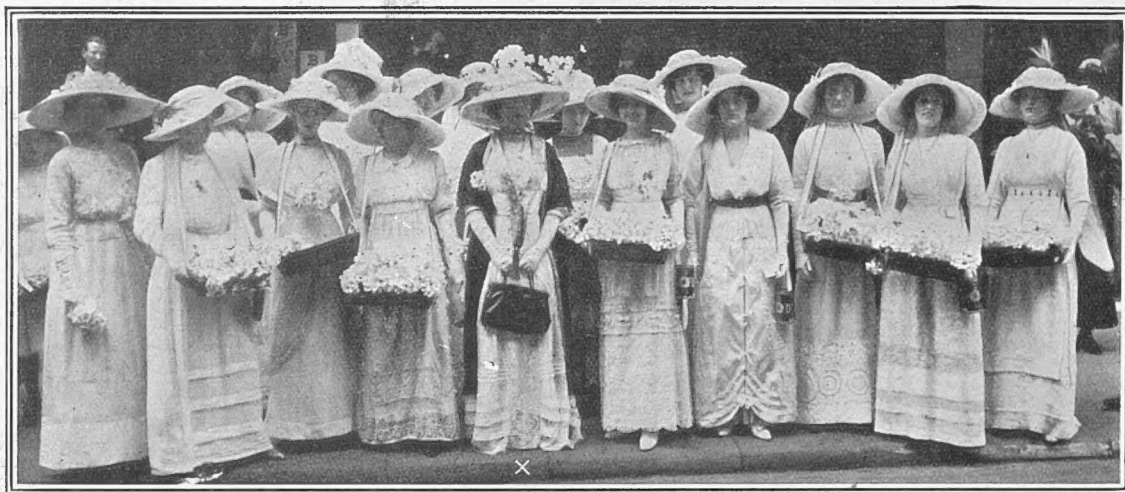
Link Boys.

The announcement that Lord and Lady Salisbury were giving a garden party at Hatfield was followed by the explanation that it would not be a garden party in the big sense of the word. An "under-the-sky reception" was thought a safer description. Lord and Lady Salisbury are not large entertainers; they are among the few people who have not wholly abandoned the attempt to confine their social engagements within Party bounds. Where is the Radical who can boast that he has tasted Salisbury salt? But wicked inter-marriages and base friendships between Whig and Tory make the higher exclusiveness impossible. Even at Mr. Balfour's dance there was no real safety. Lord and Lady Salisbury may well despair, since it was there that a friend of their host's, who is their friend, was heard to speak of

"my friend Lloyd George."

The King's Life in the Highlands.

The Marquess of Breadalbane, promoted from Brigadier-General to Ensign in the Royal Archers, is, figuratively, responsible for the King's safety in Scotland. Zealous for his country, wealthy and of considerable ability, he is very prominent in the North;



"QUEEN OF THE ROSEBUD GARDEN OF GIRLS": LADY LIMERICK (X) AND HER BOND STREET BEVY.

The Countess of Limerick headed the bevy of beautiful flower-sellers in Bond Street on Alexandra Day. Among them was her own daughter, Lady Victoria Pery. Describing her experiences afterwards, Lady Limerick said that, if she had to earn her living, she would "sell flowers in the streets of London rather than silks and laces in the smartest of shops."—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



LORD GLENCONNER'S NIECE OUTSIDE THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT: MISS KATHLEEN TENNANT SELLING A ROSE.

Miss Kathleen Tennant is the youngest child of Mr. Francis John Tennant, brother of Lord Glenconner.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

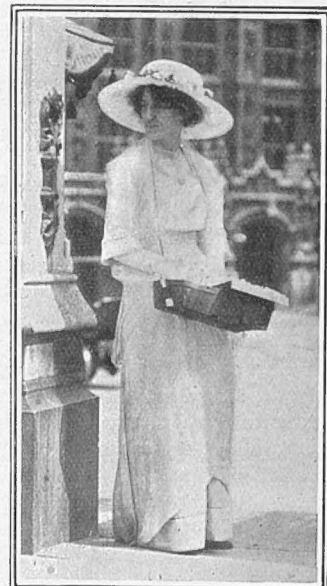
named neither Stanhope House nor, of course, Chesterfield House. Both already existed, so that Scudamore, another family title, was called upon for service. Crewe House was once Wharnclyffe House, Wimborne House was Hamilton House, Forbes House was Mortimer House, and Seaford House, where Lady Howard de Walden is now entertaining, was not long ago known as Sefton House. Dudley House at least will remain where it was, and as it was, unless



CAUSING A BOOM IN ROSES: COUNTESS PAULINE PAPPENHEIM (ON THE RIGHT) OUTSIDE THE STOCK EXCHANGE ON ALEXANDRA DAY.

Countess Pauline Pappenheim was among the flower-sellers who invaded the precincts of the Stock Exchange on Alexandra Day and caused a boom in roses.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

Lady Breadalbane is equally well known. And if the Marquess has seldom drawn a bow, and never saved the life of a king, his promotion was, nevertheless, inevitable. He has not saved the life of a king, but he has done something quite as rare—he has saved the life, at his own great risk, of a servant. A Royal Humane Society's medal—which, by the way, Lord Breadalbane generally forgets to wear—commemorates this act of modest heroism.

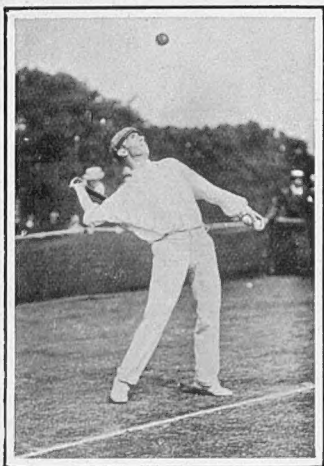


A FEMINE FIGURE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE THAT WOULD NOT ALARM THE PREMIER: MISS VIOLET ASQUITH AS A ROSE-SELLER.

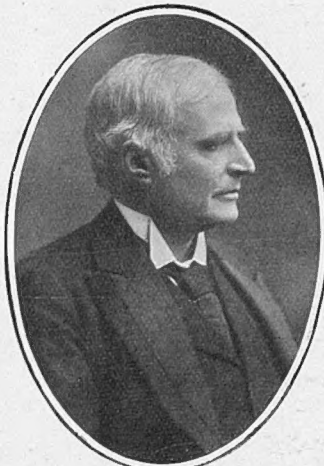
By this time Mr. Asquith must view with some alarm businesslike feminine figures near the House.

Photograph by Sport and General.

PEOPLE WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO.



M. DE BORMAN—FOR HIS SPORTSMANLIKE BEHAVIOUR IN SERVING INTO THE NET WHEN HIS OPPONENT WAS FOOT-FAULTED.
Photograph by Sport and General.



SIR ROBERT FINLAY—FOR MAKING A SPEECH THAT LASTED THREE DAYS, AT THE "TITANIC" INQUIRY.
Photograph by Marshall Wane and Co.



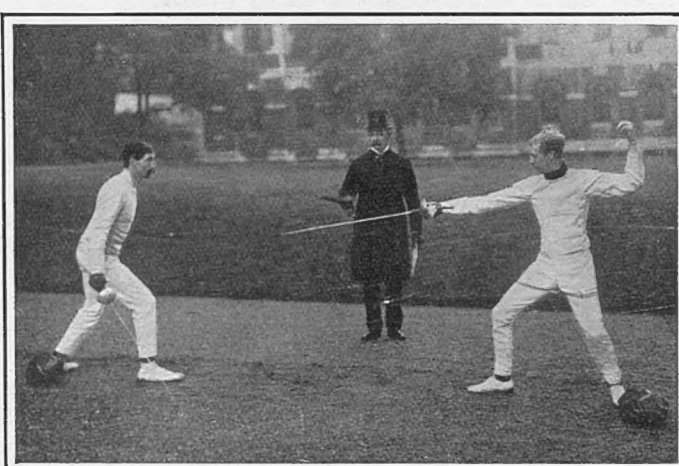
LORD LONSDALE—FOR AMUSING THE CROWD BY DOING A STEP-DANCE WITH A COSTER-GIRL AT THE HORSE SHOW.
Photograph by Langlier.



MISS MCCARTHY—FOR WINNING THE SECOND HANDICAP DIVISION OF THE "LADY'S PICTORIAL" GOLF TOURNAMENT.
Photograph by Sport and General.



MISS KINLOCH—FOR WINNING THE SCRATCH DIVISION OF THE "LADY'S PICTORIAL" GOLF TOURNAMENT.
Photograph by Sport and General.



MR. R. MONTGOMERIE (ON THE RIGHT)—FOR WINNING THE ÉPÉE CHAMPIONSHIP. LORD DESBOROUGH AS UMPIRE IS SEEN IN THE CENTRE.
Photograph by Partridge's Pictorial Press.



MRS. G. MARTIN—FOR WINNING THE FIRST HANDICAP DIVISION OF THE "LADY'S PICTORIAL" GOLF TOURNAMENT.
Photograph by Sport and General.



SOCIETY DANCERS IN THE VENETIAN BAL MASQUÉ—FOR BEING PHOTOGRAPHED IN A "HIGH JINKS" MOOD.
Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

A very sportsmanlike act on the part of the Belgian lawn-tennis player, the Chevalier de Borman, was seen in the Championships at Wimbledon. In his match with the German, Herr Bergmann, he deliberately served into the net when his opponent, who was within a stroke of winning, was foot-faulted.—The speech made by Sir Robert Finlay on behalf of the White Star Line at the "Titanic" disaster inquiry began on Tuesday, June 25, and ended on Friday, June 28.—Great amusement was caused at Olympia last Thursday at the judging of the costers' donkey-carts, when Lord Lonsdale, who is much interested in the wearers of the "pearlies," did a step dance with one of the coster-girls. He also distributed cigars.—The finals of the "Lady's Pictorial" Golf Tournament were played off at Stoke Poges last week. In the Scratch Division Miss Kinloch (Scotland, East) beat Miss Heming Johnson (England, S.W.) by 2 and 1. In the First Handicap Division (1 to 12) Mrs. Martin (England, S.W.) beat Miss Crane (Midlands) by 1 hole. In the Second Handicap Division (13 to 25) Miss McCarthy (England, North) beat Miss Webber (England, S.E.) by 4 and 3.—The Épée Championship for 1912 was decided on June 26 in the gardens of Lincoln's Inn, Mr. R. Montgomerie, of the Sword Club, beating Mr. M. D. V. Holt.—The Venetian Bal Masqué at "Shakespeare's England" was a great success. The above photograph shows a group of the guests, including Mrs. Hwia Williams, the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Marjorie Manners, Lady Diana Manners, Miss Sackville West, Prince Christopher of Greece, and Prince George of Battenberg.



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

FOR SALE THE Royal Society of Canada is agitating for a new calendar which will divide the year into thirteen months. That may be all very fine for Canada, but we in this poor old country have been so out of luck the last few years that we are unlikely to tempt the Fates to give us an unnecessary thick ear with any contraption of that sort.

Herr Baczynski spoke for thirteen hours and a half in the Hungarian Parliament, and then fainted. The Speaker was of opinion that if Herr Baczynski had begun by fainting it would have been much more thoughtful of him.

M. Lemarchand proposes that the Paris Municipal Council should construct a submarine tunnel between France and England. M. Lemarchand is sadly out of date. What our souls are yearning for is an overhead system of wires, along which aeroplanes could fly without any danger of falling down.



THE GARB OF OLD GAUL.

(A movement is on foot to put Londoners into kilts, regardless of the whiteness of their knees.)

Since the days of Doctor Johnson we have suffered 'neath the yoke
Of whusky, and of parritch, and the pawky kail-yard joke,
And the latest Scottish triumph is to make the Sassenach
Adopt the kilt of fashion-plates to clothe his lower back.

We're threatened with indecent knees,
With mull and sporran, too,

With ghillies and with gherkins, and perhaps with skean dhu,
For the Hebrew-Scottish tailormen will jubilantly botch
A kind of Cockney kiltie, to be labelled Special Scotch.

But it is with apprehension I look forward, I confess,
To the day when kilts will follow in the way of ladies' dress,

To the day when Percy Popjoy is habitually seen
Perambulating Bond Street in a kilt and crinoline,
Or Bert McNut at Brixton in unseemly style is spilt
As he tries to jump on 'buses in a skin-tight hobble kilt.
For the Paquins of the future, the dictators of the mode,
Will desert the street of Dover for the Caledonian road.

Mr. J. Grant Ramsay, talking of kilts, says that the members of the Stock Exchange are the leaders of men's fashions. Ichabod! Ichabod! The glory of the stage is departing, for Sir George Alexander has only four lounge suits that he cares to wear.



without being bored stiff by uninteresting play.

"INVESTORS BUYING TRUNKS," says a staring City headline. And a very sensible thing, too, with the holiday season coming on. It is pleasant to hear that some of them have money enough to go to the seaside.

"An average man weighing about eleven stone contains," says a statistician, "the constituents found in twelve hundred eggs." So we, who consider ourselves the heirs of all the ages, are, after all, nothing but unappetising omelettes.

Mr. Taft's own little Theodore has threatened to bolt the Republican party. From the portraits of him with his mouth open he looks quite capable of taking the whole lot of them at one gulp, and as if not even America's Fattest President would stick in his gullet.



But even Mr. Roosevelt is not what he was. A year or two ago he was an advocate of the strenuous life, and now he is whimpering about the right to "live softly." Is this weakness the result of having been beaten to a frazzle last autumn?

Revolutionary news from Guildford. A resident, living in the centre of the town, was awakened by sounds suggestive of burglars, and found that they were caused by a hedgehog which was amusing itself by rolling down-stairs. Is there no Government Inspector to remind hedgehogs that only mice and burglars are allowed to be nocturnal marauders?

La Gazza Ladra. While bird's-nesting near the village of Theix, in the Morbihan, France, two children discovered in a magpie's nest a purse containing over £100. Here we have another instance of fact borrowing its best stories from fiction.

THE MICROBE OF IMMORTALITY.

("If you would live long," says Professor Metchnikoff, "eat plenty of sugar, and cultivate the Bacillus Glycobacter.")

The eminent Professor of the sneezy name of Metchnikoff,
Who revels in flirtations with bacteria,
Has dropped his once Benevolent Bacilli of Bulgaria,
And taken up a Microbe much superior.
He calls his new discovery, Bacillus Glycobacterus,
And its habitat, or favourite locality,
Is carrots, dates, and beetroot, and of dogs the parts
intestinal,
And its function is conferring immortality.

But there's a rotten drawback, as there always is in everything,

Which quite upsets this germ's applicability
(My point of view at present is, of course, entirely personal)

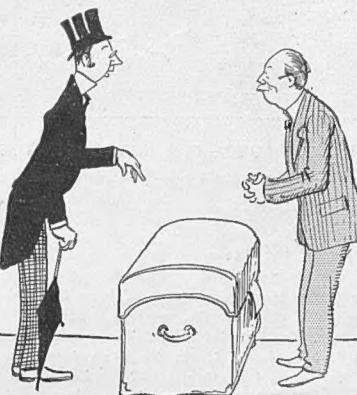
In combating incipient senility.

For it manufactures sugar at a rapid rate internally,
Unless Professor M. has told a whacker in His wish to make his latest love among bacilli popular—
And doctors sternly limit me to saccharin!

Pedestrians are complaining that they are inordinately run over in London. Surely they would not be so selfish as to deny chauffeurs some little sport in their otherwise dull lives.

Okehampton is about the only place in Christendom which has not got a Cinema theatre. Okehampton may still be dirty and ugly, but, nowadays, Charles Kingley would be the first to congratulate it on its good sense.

More nu speling. Sodium Phenylmethylpyrazolonamidomethansulphonate is said to be a remedy for acute rheumatism. It is also an absolute cure for stammering.



LORDS OF LORD'S: No. II.—“PLUM” WARNER.



A MUCH-TRAVELLED CRICKETER CARICATURED: MR. P. F. WARNER, THE FAMOUS MIDDLESEX BAT.

Mr. P. F. Warner, or "Plum" Warner, as he is familiarly called among his cricket cronies, was born in the West Indies in 1873. At Rugby he was coached by Tom Emmett, and got his blue at Oxford in 1895. He is one of the most travelled of cricketers. He went to the Cape with Lord Hawke's team in 1898, to New Zealand under the same captain in 1902, captained the M.C.C. Eleven which brought back the "ashes" of English cricket from Australia in 1904, the next year led a team to South Africa, and last year captained the English team in Australia. He made 151 in the first match against South Australia, but was unfortunately prevented by an illness from playing in the Test Matches. He has made many a century, and in 1905 he made 204 at Lord's for the M.C.C. against Sussex. This season he made 39 for England in the Test Match against South Africa, but for England against Australia the other day he was bowled by Emery for 4.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



THE CROWN'S ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE STAGE: ROYAL COMMAND PERFORMANCES.

The King and Queen at the "Palace."

By the time that this is read Mr. Alfred Butt will be a far happier man than he is at the present moment, for the Royal Command performance at the Palace Theatre will be over, and their Most Gracious Majesties will have formally and officially taken under the royal wing the Music-Hall. Some hypercritical people may suggest that a quite abnormal collection of star performers, such as that got together for the royal visit, hardly represents the average of the variety entertainments. It should be remembered, however, in this connection, that it has long been the custom in the case of the Royal Command performances to present to the crowned heads something out of the common, and such affairs are not to be confused with the ordinary visits of the King and Queen to the theatre.

Royal Command Performances.

According to an interesting book before me by Mr. Richard Northcott, published by Mr. Percy Lindley, it is only in modern times that the Crown and the Court and the people have met together in one of the great London theatres to celebrate some public event, and he gives as the earliest instance a Command performance at Covent Garden in 1736. On this occasion Handel's opera of "Atalanta" was presented. At the Command performance in honour of the accession of George IV., Shakespeare had a look-in, for "Twelfth Night" was given; but the severity of the programme was mitigated by the pantomime, "Harlequin and Friar Bacon," in which the famous clown Grimaldi appeared. A little earlier, there was an impromptu addition to a Royal Command performance, of quite a prodigious character. For, in the year 1800, there was a Command performance at Drury Lane of Colley Cibber's play, "She Would and She Would Not; or, the Kind Impostor," and Cobb's farce, "The Humourist." Just after George III. entered the royal box, and was standing up, a madman named James Hadfield fired at him, at close quarters, with a horse pistol, and made a clean miss. In consequence of this crime the performance was delayed for a quarter of an hour, and the Princesses Augusta, Sophia, and Mary fainted away. The King appears to have behaved very well. The episode reminds one of the more tragic affair which happened in 1865, at Ford's Theatre, Washington, when Abraham Lincoln, one of the most popular and ablest Presidents of the United States, was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth, an actor, brother of Edwin Thomas Booth, generally regarded as the greatest of America's players. This effort by the insane soldier to shoot George III. was not the only occasion of a disturbance during a Royal performance, for it happened more than once that there were riots and ructions owing to the fact that

too many tickets were sold. The most notable occurred at Covent Garden at a Command performance of "Werner" and the first act of "Fra Diavolo." The pit was so overcrowded that there were desperate fights going on in it, the exits got blocked, and in the end a number of the unfortunate pittites were dragged up from the pit, over the front of the boxes, into the lobbies, and then ejected. I hope they got their money back!

The National Anthem.

A rather quaint feature of these affairs has consisted of the additional verses to the Royal Anthem, specially composed for the occasion. The choicest gem mentioned by Mr. Northcott was sung when a performance was given in honour of Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie. Here is the stanza verbatim—

Emperor and Empress,
O Lord, be pleased to bless;
Look on this scene.
And may we ever find,
With bonds of peace entwin'd,
England and France combin'd—
God Save the Queen!

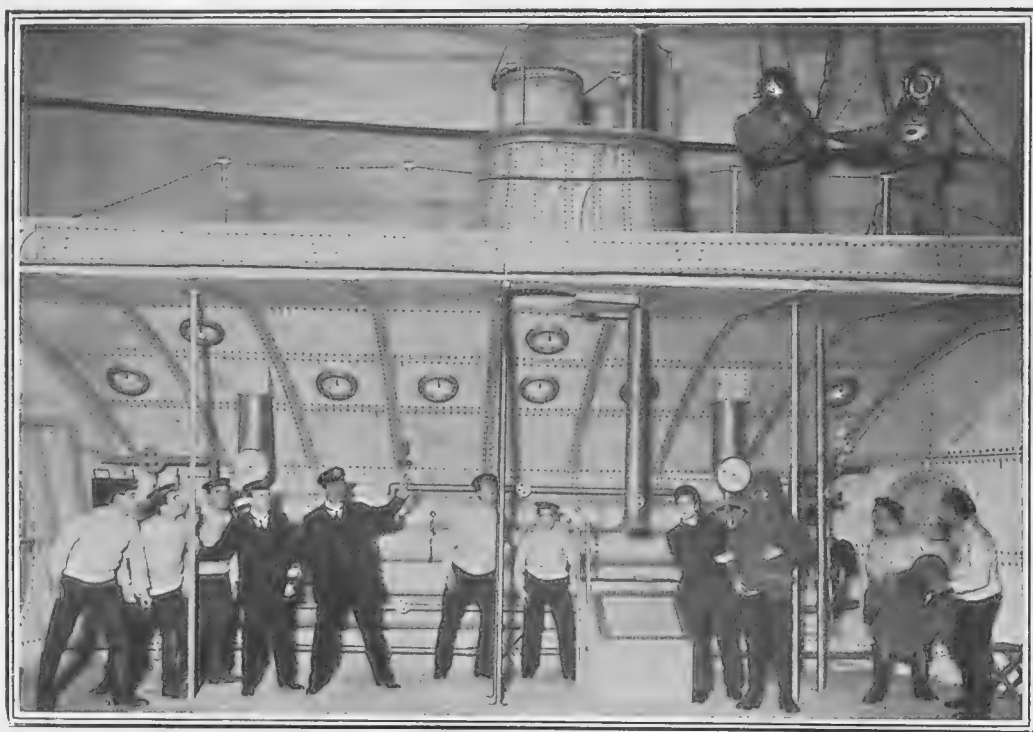


JOINT-INVENTOR OF THE BUNNY-HUG; MR. MELVILLE J. GIDEON, SEEN AT THE ALHAMBRA.

As mentioned under our portrait of Miss Mabel Bunyea on another page, Mr. Melville J. Gideon was the joint originator, with her, of the American dance called the Bunny-Hug. He composes rag-tunes to which they sing and dance together. They were recently engaged to appear at the Alhambra.

Photograph by Gross, Chicago.

I observe that on this occasion "Fidelio" was given, and that standing room on the stage for 145 persons at two guineas a head made a useful addition to the receipts. The programme has not always been very wisely chosen. For instance, "Macbeth" was not exactly the ideal work to celebrate the marriage of the Princess Royal in 1858, even with Locke's incidental music, which, however, Locke did not write; still, there was a corrective in Oxenford's farce called "Twice Killed." The famous Shah of Persia, who visited us in 1873, and was the cause of innumerable songs and great gaiety to the people, was horribly bored by the programmes presented to him, consisting of scraps from operas.



A SUBMARINE DISASTER ON THE STAGE: AN ALARM ON BOARD "F 7," AT THE PALLADIUM.

The horror of the situation inside a submarine in an accident is well brought out in the sketch produced at the Palladium on June 24 by Mr. Henri de Vries, called "Submarine F 7." In order to obtain an accurate setting he made descents in a real submarine. The piece recalls a somewhat similar production some years ago, called "En Plongée," which made a sensation at the Grand Guignol, in Paris.

on one occasion, no fewer than 350,000 roses were wired to the trellis which had been fixed round the boxes of the proscenium, and it may be added that the scent of the flowers was almost overpowering, and caused many loyal subjects to suffer badly from headaches.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE).

ON POINT DUTY: REGULATING THE TRAFFIC OF THE RHODES.



STOPPING A CUT FROM RHODES: HAZLITT DOES A SMART BIT OF FIELDING IN THE TEST MATCH.

Point duty is always a tricky business, whether you are standing in the middle of the Strand attired in a dark-blue uniform, with motor-buses whizzing past in all directions, or whether, clad in white flannels, you are stationed a few yards from a man with a bat, whose main object appears to be to cut the ball into your eye. In short, one has to be very smart to field well at point. Hazlitt, the Australian, gave a good example of the way to do it in the Test Match with England at Lord's.

Above, he is seen about to stop a hard cut from Rhodes, who, it will be remembered, opened the English innings with Hobbs and made an excellent 59.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



THE FUTURE MISTRESS OF DORCHESTER HOUSE. MRS. J. GRAHAM MENZIES, ENGAGED TO LIEUT.-COL. SIR GEORGE HOLFORD.

After her marriage to Lieutenant-Colonel Sir George Holford, Mrs. Graham Menzies will be mistress at Dorchester House, which belongs to Sir George, and of which he intends to resume occupation when the Whitelaw Reids leave it. He also owns large estates in Gloucestershire.

Photograph by Ellis Roberts.



ENGAGED TO MR. BETHELL GODEFROY BOUWENS. MISS MARGARET DE GREY. Miss de Grey is a daughter of the Hon. John de Grey, half-brother of Lord Walsingham, and a Metropolitan Magistrate for South-West London.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



TO MARRY MAJOR R. G. A. MARRIOTT, D.S.O., ON THE 6TH: MISS EILEEN ANITA HICKSON.

Miss Hickson is the only child of Brigadier-General R. A. Hickson, and Mrs. Hickson, of 97, Ashley Gardens, and Delmonden Grange, Hawkhurst.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

THE Prince of Wales resumes Paris with a modicum of royal appendages and encumbrances; and even if he attends an occasional ball and a few big dinners he will make no efforts at display. Quietness is, for the time being, the essence of his good manners. An account of his grandfather's presence in the same city appears in the just published delightful memoir of John Hungerford Pollen. The year was 1870: "Friday the tremendous Embassy Ball. We stared at our ease. A quadrille with the Empress and Prince of Wales, Queen of Portugal and King of Belgians, Queen of the B. and Alfred, Princess Murat and Oscar of Sweden. Then we watched the supper, all sitting down and grubbing vigorously. The P. of Wales had in his piper, who walked round playing, to the immense astonishment of the furriners." For the present the Prince prefers his pipers in the Highlands, where he will join them in the autumn.

The Ties of Convention. While the Prince refrains from astonishing Paris with a piper, he seems to have astonished London (or was it only one Londoner?) with a tie. "The Prince of Wales was wearing," a solemn paragraph runs, "a bright purple tie in London yesterday, with a silk hat and town clothes. Is this the sort of thing they do in Paris? Whether it portends the introduction of the fashion into London it will be interesting to see." The record could hardly have been graver if he had been seen riding a purple cow. As a matter of fact, there was nothing unusual in his scheme of colour. The rule of grey and black is bygone. And, since foreign Decorations are to be showered on the Prince, he may well wish to accustom himself to something a trifle decorative and foreign.

In the Alexandrine Line. It would be invidious to name the most successful sellers on Alexandra Day. Many heroic deeds were done, and groups of women and girls, rather than individuals, were conspicuously well repaid for their labours. But for the most part women unaccustomed to standing found that an hour at a stretch was the limit of their endurance, and many mothers and daughters, who took their stand at the appointed places in the morning, returned for the afternoon with

the support of motors. Lady Limerick in Bond Street, Lady Cunard and Mrs. Hwfa Williams (within reach of ices) at the Ritz, Lady Mond in the Commons and Lady Juliet Duff at Charing Cross were all well supported by the visits of smiling friends, and occasionally by the somewhat alarming compliments of strangers. "Sowing your wild roses, eh, my dear?" queried one old boy, when the Countess of Wilton planted a blossom in his buttonhole. Within the Admiralty Princess Louis of Battenberg plied a brisk trade; and Mr. Churchill went forth to inspect Mr. C. B. Fry's training-ship boys with a big bouquet of roses at his breast. At Lord's, where Mr. Fry was kept on more important business, a chance seems to have been missed. There were sellers

at the gates; but the field was not invaded, and the players, not being York and Lancaster, seemed unaware of the War of the Roses waged in all the streets. For, out in the open, no place of 'vantage escaped attention. From East (Lady Clementina Waring was stationed at the Stock Exchange) to West, the important corners were taken. At Oxford Circus, Lady Tuck stood where Lady Stout has been selling "Votes for Women."

The Lens and the Lovers. The photograph said to have caused the attachment of the Crown Prince of Bulgaria for Princess Elizabeth of Roumania is not the first to figure in a royal romance. The collection at Windsor Castle bears witness to queenly weaknesses for albums, and palace tables, all the world over, are heaped with such things. When Queen Alexandra, an unmarried girl, was staying at Rumpelheim with relatives, and her engagement was first rumoured, they naturally questioned her. "I have him here!" she said with a laugh, producing a photograph from her pocket.

"Balfour Must Dance!" Mr. Balfour, a keen musician, with Brahms for one of his heroes of sound, possesses an ear for a good measure as well as an eye for measures. At his dance last week the absorbing question was whether he would decide to be a leader or an ex-leader of the waltz. He had been warned that he would have to "pair"; but he managed to get off. "Moreover, I leave reversing to other politicians," he argued with a persuasive niece.



ENGAGED TO MRS. J. GRAHAM MENZIES: LIEUT.-COL. SIR GEORGE HOLFORD.

Sir George Holford, who is a Lieutenant-Colonel in the 1st Life Guards, was Equerry to King Edward from 1892 to 1910, and has since been an Extra Equerry to King George. He won the King's Cup for the best exhibit at the Horticultural Show, with a group of orchids. He is a K.C.V.O., and was Equerry to the late Duke of Clarence.

Photograph by Thomson.



ENGAGED TO MISS MARGARET DE GREY: MR. B. G. BOUWENS.

Mr. B. G. Bouwens is a son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel L. H. Bouwens, of the Royal Horse Artillery. His engagement to Miss Margaret de Grey was recently announced.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



TO MARRY MISS EILEEN ANITA HICKSON ON THE 6TH: MAJOR RICHARD G. A. MARRIOTT, D.S.O.

Major Marriott, late of the Buffs, is the elder son of Mr. Humphrey R. G. Marriott, of Abbot's Hall, Shalford, near Braintree.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



WINNER OF THE HEDGES BUTLER CHALLENGE CUP FOR THE LONG-DISTANCE BALLOON RACE FROM HURLINGHAM: MRS. JOHN DUNVILLE.

The balloons left Hurlingham on the afternoon of the 22nd. Mrs. John Dunville, wife of the popular Meath M.F.H., started at 5.16 in the "Banshee II," piloted by Mr. C. P. Pollock, with Mr. Philip Gardiner as a passenger. They landed near Whitby at 3.10 a.m. on the 23rd, having travelled over 200 miles. The Challenge Cup is presented by Mr. F. Hedges Butler.

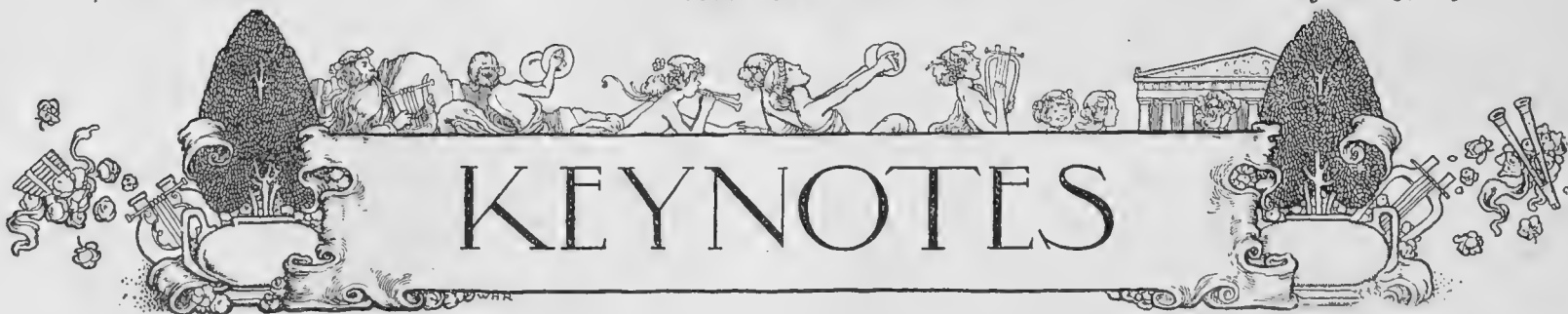
[Photograph by Bassano.]

WHENCE CAME THE BUNNY-HUG? A CHARMING ANSWER.



MISS. BUNYEA THE BUNNY-HUGGER: THE ORIGINATOR AND SPONSOR OF A FAMOUS
"DRAWING-ROOM" DANCE.

With the exception of the Turkey-Trot and the Grizzly Bear, the Bunny-Hug is perhaps the best known of all the new American dances that have threatened to become popular in private ball-rooms. In New York, especially among the younger set in society, they became so much the rage recently, and were so fascinating, that hostesses often had great difficulty in getting rid of their guests, and the custom grew up of serving breakfasts at 5 a.m. for the tireless couples who kept up these dances. Professors of dancing reaped a great harvest by giving lessons in them. The Bunny-Hug, as mentioned above, derives its name from Miss Mabel Bunyea, and was originated by her and Mr. Melville J. Gideon, who composes her songs, and sings and dances with her. They recently arranged to appear at the Alhambra, so London will have an opportunity of seeing the original "Bunny-hugger."—[*Photograph by Gross, Chicago.*]



THE MUSICAL SEASON; THE NEW OPERA, "CONCHITA"; FOREIGN ARTISTS AND "AT HOMES."

SIGNOR ZANDONAI, the composer of "Conchita," is a young man still under thirty, who was born in Pesaro, where he studied under Mascagni. He first attracted attention by his opera, "Il Grillo Focolare" ("The Cricket on the Hearth"). "Conchita," which is his second work, was produced in Milan last October, and in Rome in March, and in both places was hailed as the work of a composer with something new to say. In both cities

the two principal parts were played by Mme. Tarquinia Tarquini and Signor Schiavazzi, who are creating them at Covent Garden. The text is based on Pierre Louy's novel, "La Femme et le Pantin," the subject of which at one time occupied the attention of Puccini. It is a curiously cosmopolitan combination, for here we have an Italian composer setting a book by a Frenchman on a Spanish subject. It is altogether interesting to note how much modern Italian opera owes to French literature. Nearly all Puccini's earlier successful works—"Manon Lescaut," "La Tosca" and "La Bohème"—have their origin in or near Paris. The composers of "Fédora," "Adrienne Lecouvreur" and "André Chénier" have also gone to France for inspiration. It is particularly curious, because the world at large is becoming so very critical as to accuracy of local colour just now. Neapolitans, for example, will tell us that the local colour of "The Jewels of the Madonna" is not correct; Spaniards protest against the local colour in works like "Carmen" and "Habanera"; some Norwegians are fond of calling Grieg a pseudo-Scandinavian, and instances might be multiplied.

The cigarette factory of Seville, which plays a prominent part in "Carmen," figures also in "Conchita," and we have been told that in the younger opera it is much more true to life than in the older.

The end of the London musical season is in sight. It has not been better or worse than some of its recent predecessors, but undoubtedly people have grumbled more about it. We can hardly be said to have had a normal musical season since 1909, because in 1910 King Edward died, and last year there was the Coronation, and this year there was the Coal Strike, which all had bad effects.

The causes of the evil, however, lie much deeper. Golf and the motor-car have succeeded in making Saturday, which once was the great fashionable night at the opera, the least smart of all. Concerts have suffered in the same way. At the same time the number of would-be concert-givers increases by leaps and bounds, and, what is worse, the number of foreign artists who come to London year by year in June and July grows larger every year. Music in every other European country is dead in these months, so musicians flock to London, thinking that London is anxious to hear them. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of them do no good to themselves and do harm to English artists, whom their circumstances enable them to undersell. It used to be possible to advise such to come to London rather in November or

between November and Easter, on the ground that then they would have a better chance of being heard and obtaining the notice in the Press which they require; but now the spring and autumn are just as busy as the summer, and in London, if we count the Promenade Concerts, the musical season extends over forty-nine weeks in the year. No other capital is similarly blessed. Foreigners still think that music in England is better paid than in any Continental country, but we frequently hear, when we ask why certain artists who have become famous on the Continent never come to London, that the reason is that they do not find it possible to get in England the fees they command elsewhere. We have long known that this was the reason why Mme. Tetrazzini's visits to England were so long postponed, and now Herr Mengelberg has been telling an interviewer that the same reason kept him away from England between 1903 and 1911.

Another grievance of the musician is the question of At Homes, and it is a peculiarly galling one, because there is no one whom he can blame. Not so long ago there was a very large number of parties for which artists of the ordinary calibre would be engaged at moderate fees, which made a pleasant addition to their earnings. These have almost entirely ceased, partly because they have gone out of fashion in some circles, and partly because,

owing to the stress of competition, artists of this class have to be only too glad to seize every opportunity of appearing for nothing. The Musical At Home is now for all practical purposes the exclusive luxury of the very rich, who engage stars of the first magnitude from Covent Garden, and artists like Paderewski or Ysaye at three-figure fees. The belief of the average foreign artists in the possibility of At Home work is quite touching. If it were not so pathetic it would be humorous. The present writer received a letter from a singer fairly well known in some parts of Germany, who had the brilliant idea of offering her services to sing solos in churches, because, she said, "if I sing in churches there will surely be wealthy members of the congregations who would offer me At Home engagements enough to make my stay in London lucrative." The well-paid At Home, instead of being an outlet for rising talent, has become the exclusive guerdon of those at the head of the profession. Moreover, the only thing that seems to be wanted now is French songs—for which the appetite is insatiable.

Though at the time of writing nothing official is known about Mr. Hammerstein's plans, it seems to be taken for granted that he will not be occupying his opera-house after the summer, and the air is full of rumours as to operative enterprises to be carried on there. The autumn will probably see another serious attempt to establish opera in English at theatre prices, and the possibility of an English season at Covent Garden is also freely discussed. All realise the need of improved English texts. - COMMON CHORD.



ONE OF THE ALHAMBRA'S NEW JOINT-MANAGERS: M. ANDRÉ CHARLOT.

M. Charlot has come from Paris to assume, jointly with Mr. Leveaux, the management of the Alhambra, where "The Guide to Paris" is having a big success. No doubt the Parisian note will continue to be perceptible in the new policy of the hall, of which revues, ballet revues, and quite short ballets are to be a feature.

Photograph by Bassano.



ONE OF THE ALHAMBRA'S NEW JOINT-MANAGERS: MR. MONTAGUE VIVIAN LEVEAUX.

Mr. Leveaux and M. Charlot are in joint control of the management of the Alhambra. Discussing their plans recently, Mr. Leveaux said that they intended to introduce a more personal element, and to be always themselves present in the house. Later in the year there are to be structural alterations, and the hall will be redecorated.

Photograph by Bassano.



THE ALHAMBRA'S NEW "ADVISORY DIRECTOR OF PRODUCTIONS": MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

Under the new scheme of management at the Alhambra, Mr. George Grossmith has undertaken the duties of Advisory Director of Productions, keeping an eye more especially on British attractions. In view of the fact that short original musical comedies are to be a feature at the Alhambra, his great experience in that line will be of the utmost value. He is at present, of course, contributing to the brightness of "The Sunshine Girl," at the Gaiety.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

FOR SALE



"FOR WOMEN MUST WORK AND MEN MUST SLEEP."

(The modern paraphrase of a familiar quotation.)

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

WOMAN IN MAN'S CLOTHING: WANTED, A MINISTER OF DRESS.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London," and "Phrynette Married."

ONCE upon a time, in that age of beauty which we never knew, men dressed in robes. Once upon a time, when bicycles first appeared in France, women dressed in bloomers. We have, then, two precedents. We know that it can be done without any dreadful consequences. Men who moved in draperies could be perfect like Christ, strong like Samson, eloquent like Demosthenes, stoical like Scaevola. Women who confess to two nether limbs could be as chaste and courageous as Joan of Arc, as learned and intrepid as Madame Dieulafoy, as cool-headed and adroit as Mlle. Dutrieu. Yet for men to wear robes and for women to wear trousers is, it seems, an offence punishable by law, and not only by law, but by the lawless, as this unfortunate Suffragette who was mobbed in Bristol will remember for many days to come.

You will tell me, perhaps, that no one forced her to go to Bristol. There I am afraid I must disagree with you. No woman in her senses would go to Bristol unless she were forced, not while there are such places as the river from Richmond to Oxford, English country, English parks and gardens, and foreign seaside places within a few hours' journey. A thing about which I am less sure is, in what capacity was this poor lady so ill-treated? In that of a woman alone in a crowd? In that of a stranger to Bristol? In that of a Suffragette? In that of a female in male garments? You will think, perhaps, that this is irrelevant, that the important and regrettable point is that the lady was bruised and knocked about and kicked on the shins. Again we differ. Anybody in the habit of kicking could tell you that there is always a very good reason for his act. Take, for instance, the case of those men who are in the pleasant habit of kicking their wives, merely, as it were, for the sake of argument. It is always interesting to hear the reasons of reasonable beings. Let thy left foot know what thy right foot does. If the lady was kicked by roughs because she was a woman unprotected, I can understand—this is a way roughs have had since the world was created. If it was because she was a Suffragette, they might at least have handed her a hammer. But I am afraid the real reason was that the lady was in trousers.

I can allow for differences of taste; some people prefer skirts, some even prefer them short in front, long at the back and very wide at the hem, and "baggy" below the waist-buckle. For myself, I like to see



A TRIPLE ALLIANCE: A RUSSIAN SALOME IN THE FRENCH PLAY WRITTEN BY OSCAR WILDE.

Oscar Wilde's "Salome" at the Châtelet Theatre, which followed the Russian Ballet season, was rendered particularly interesting by the Russian element. Mme. Ida Rubinstein, once première mime of the Russian Ballet, took the name-part; Bakst designed the scenery and costumes.

Photograph by Comedia Illustré.

women as bipeds. I like to see them bending the knee to self-consciousness, and walking as if on some very sharp pebbles. I like their mien both gauche and dashing, made of the tender youth of a cherub and the duplicity of a Rosalind. A woman in man's clothing is a charming, touching, and amusing creature. Do not your Meg Villars and Vesta Tilley prove up to the hilt that the law is wrong? It seems that the law has taken it into its head that to allow women to wear men's clothing and vice-versâ would be to open the door to frauds innumerable and crimes unmentionable.

People who mean to defraud will do so in any kind of clothes, without even taking the trouble to put on their oldest rags for dirty work. As to the sex aspect, people who can be deceived by mere wearing apparel—well! If a man wore seven veils, if he had the 'cutest stays, the dinkiest shoes, the curliest wig Clarkson could achieve, were he padded, perfumed, and peroxidized I would spot him for a man the first minute he set eyes on me! The best way for a man to deceive a woman is to remain a man. It just shows you how little the law knows of human nature. It is easier for a pauper to pass for a millionaire, a monk for a man about town, a coster for a "nut," than it would be for a man disguised as a woman to be taken to the bosom of another woman.

His very supposed sex would start a prejudice against him. His petticoats would handicap him. And if the male schemer happened to make a good-looking woman, woe to him! No man can beat a woman with her own weapons. There may be, of course, simple souls in whose eyes a pugilist with a frilled cap and a lace apron might pass for a lady's maid, but these are bound to be deceived sooner or later—be the schemer disguised or not—unless they are mighty lucky or as plain as some are made.

Indeed, laws, restrictions, and regulations are vastly needed regarding the clothes of both sexes, not in order to prevent frauds but crimes of lèse-Art.

Why haven't we a Minister of Dress, to encourage here, forbid there, passing this colour, anathematising that shape—a being powerful and sane, who would jump on the top hat and throw stays to the fire?

If I had the law in my keeping I would say to those abiding ones who dress like sheep run mad, "Dress as you please as long as you please others!"



A TRIUMPH FOR THE RUSSIAN TRIO: THE WINNERS OF KING EDWARD'S GOLD CUP FOR JUMPING AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

After a remarkable contest the Russian team was successful in carrying off King Edward's Gold Cup, amid great enthusiasm. Though the British team showed what vast improvement we have made in jumping, it could only secure the third place, with France a good second. In our photograph we show (reading from left to right) Lieutenant D. Ivanenko, Captain Dmitri D'Exé, and Captain Paul Rodzanko.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

AN HONEST TAIL SPEEDS BEST.

FOR SALE



RESOURCEFUL LOVE; OR, "OMNIA VINCIT AMOR."

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



A HERO OF "THE LEGION THAT NEVER WAS 'LISTED': "MAORI" BROWNE IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

ON the roll of that "legion that never was listed," which Kipling has sung, the name of "Maori" Browne stands high, and he wields the pen with as much vigour and gusto as he did the sword in days gone by. Readers who had the luck to strike his first book, "With the Lost Legion in New Zealand," will know what to expect in the new one, "A Lost Legionary in South Africa," and they will not be disappointed. Those who now make acquaintance with his yarns—racy, truculent, and slangy, like intimate club-talk between man and man—will not be long before they get on the track of the earlier book.

Unsophisticated
H—ll and an
Unlamblike
"Lamb."

Leaving Auckland in a clipper, in 1877, the Colonel found, when it was too late, that he was booked for a 14,000-mile trip, which included doubling Cape Horn in winter, cooped up in a tiny saloon "in company with three lachrymose women and thirteen squawking children." At last they landed at Gravesend "after enduring 127 days of unsophisticated — (the word begins with an 'H')." Incidentally it appears that the Colonel and his man practically looked after the children the whole voyage. Five weeks of civilisation were enough for the Colonel, and, partly on doctor's advice and partly to see a brother in the Navy, he set out for South Africa, where circumstances led him to take command of Pulleine's Rangers, or "Pulleine's Lambs," as they were generally called, from their exceedingly unlamblike character. The first "lamb" he met when riding to their camp to assume command was a tattered individual with a black eye sitting under a bush. "I opened a conversation with, 'Who on earth are you?' He replied, with much bad language, 'I'm the — sentry, and if I'm not — soon relieved, I'm darned if I don't go home. Who the Hades are you, anyhow?' I intimated as gently as seemed necessary that I was his new commanding officer, but this information did not seem to strike him as a matter of any importance, for, slowly finishing the contents of his pannikin, he said, 'Just you ride up to the — camp and tell that — corporal o' the guard that I want to come home.'"

A Face
at the
Window.

After a month or six weeks of the Colonel's rule, however, the Lambs, though still "a terror to the country, and a nuisance to myself," had been licked into shape. They consisted mainly of British navvies of the old type who had come to South Africa on some contract work which came to an end. Some of them shot at the Colonel one day

while he was bathing. "When I landed I did not stop to dry or dress, but rushed along, stark naked, to catch the fellows as they came from the bridge. On my way I caught up an ox-yoke, and armed with this, I met them and dealt out impromptu justice that soon squashed the mutiny, of which nothing more was said. . . . Then, as a female face at the hotel window was looking rather scared, I bethought myself of my clothes, and dressed."

Isandlwana and
Rorke's Drift.

Deep historical interest attaches to that part of the book dealing with the disaster at Isandlwana and the Defence of Rorke's Drift. Colonel Browne rode into the camp at Isandlwana the morning after the Zulus had destroyed it. "My God, in the grey dawn, it was a sight! In their mad rush into the camp, the Zulus had killed everything. . . . Singly and in heaps, or rather in groups of two or three, lay the ripped and mutilated bodies of the gallant 24th. . . . On my way, I reined up my horse sharply, for there lay the body of my old friend Lieutenant-Colonel Pulleine." Of Rorke's Drift he writes: "A deed had been done by one company of the 24th, assisted by a few irregulars and civilians, that has never been surpassed in the annals of British warfare. They had beaten off an attack of 4000 Zulus. True, they had an improvised laager. . . . But how about the camp at Isandlwana? How about those 900 white men lying exposed to the vulture and the jackal in the camp a few miles behind? How would that fight have ended if they had had a laager, and why had they not one?" Colonel Browne indulges in some very straight talk about the mistakes of that campaign.

The Prince Im-
perial and Others.

It has not been possible to do more than hint at a few of the good things in Colonel Browne's book. Those who read it—and all should make haste to do so—will find a good yarn or a stirring bit of life on every page. They will hear an account of the death of the Prince Imperial told to the author by a member of the party with him. They will meet Father Walsh, "a soldier, a gentleman, and a priest"; also that redoubtable warrior Umvubie, who was prepared for any fate provided he "had a good fight first"; also the charming officer who was "a crazy bug and beetle hunter," and committed the heinous crime of using all the available gin on one

occasion to preserve his specimens. These, and many more, they will meet—all "jolly good company"; and they will note with pleasure the author's promise of yet another book to come, about his adventures after 1891, when he was sent up in command of the De Beers' Company's expedition to Mashonaland.



THE "PUMPKIN" HEAD-DRESS. FROM THE GOLD COAST—TO BE WORN WITH OR WITHOUT A PAD.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FROM WEST
AFRICA, FOR THOSE WHO CRAVE
FOR NOVEL HEAD-DRESSES.



THE "DOUBLE ROSETTE" FROM SOUTHERN NIGERIA, SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED FOR THOSE WHO ARE TIRED OF THE OVER-THE-EAR METHOD OF DOING THE HAIR.

THE "KNOBS AND BLOBS" COIFFURE, SUITABLE FOR ELDERLY SPINSTERS: A SUGGESTION FROM NORTHERN NIGERIA.

THE "STAR-FISH" STYLE, FOR THOSE WHO ARE INCLINED TO GO BALD, AS WORN BY A NATIVE OF SOUTHERN NIGERIA.

We do not for a moment imagine that these suggestions will be adopted by the hairdressers of either Paris or London, but one may say with reason that many of the fashionable coiffures of the present day are not less bizarre than those considered "à la mode" by the dusky beauties of the East Coast of Africa.—[Photographs by Record Press.]

* "A Lost Legionary in South Africa." By Colonel G. Hamilton-Browne ("Maori" Browne), late Commandant in Colonial Forces. (T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

EYES AND EASE.

FOR SALE



BILL (to 'ARRY): 'Ave ter be bloomin' careful 'ow yer look at these young females nowadays, else yer get this 'ere glad eye on yer.



FOR SALE

MORE LABOUR UNREST: THE TURNING OF THE WORM.

DRAWINGS BY HOPE READ.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE SHADY PALM.

By CHRISTOPHER STONE.

(Author of "Scars," "They Also Serve," "The Shoe of a Horse," etc.)

DEAR Lady, I don't know who you are, but I hope that this will meet your eye wherever you are, in America, France, or England; because I want to let you know what an unconscious comfort you were to me once. It was at Monte Carlo last year, about the middle of March, one evening when the Salles Privées at the Casino were very stuffy and crowded, and the croupiers had to send for glasses of cold water, and an Armageddon of French, German, and English was raging on the fields of green cloth under the quiet green-shaded lamps. Above the voices you could hear the clink of money and the steady cries of croupiers: if you had an acute ear, you could distinguish the gross clatter of five-franc pieces from the modest tinkle of louis as they were raked in, and could even catch the peculiar ring of a plaque. I had been amusing myself by testing my ears in this way as I sat by one of the windows and watched the shifting crowd; but at last, I went back to my favourite table—that nearest to the exquisite panel of "Le Matin"—and waited till I could get a seat next to the croupier at the end of the table. I changed my last hundred-franc note, and began to play. Either my deserts were small or I feared my fate too much—for the luck had been dead against me all day; at any rate, I started to lose again, and picked up nothing from the table. Then I heard your voice behind me—your charming American voice in which the syllables seem to stride after each other over parquet floors. You were asking the croupier on my right to stake for you five francs on 17-20, five francs on 32-35, and two louis on the middle dozen. Aha! You recognise yourself now. There's no need for me to recall your appearance—your oddly grey hair, your round face of Claudine à Paris, the sleepy, mocking eyes, the piquant nose, the wide audacious mouth, the pearl earrings, the black dress, and the black hat with white wings. You were with an Englishman—a soft-voiced, insignificant man with pince-nez, who had the bad taste to be wearing a tail-coat and white tie; and, from the way that you chattered to him, I could tell that he was not your husband or your lover, but just a boring man that you had met at dinner. Am I right?

I can hear you answer, "What do you know about *that*?" in your delicious drawling idiom.

Seventeen came up the very first time, and I, who always play on the last dozen and last six, lost; and was thinking bitterly what infernally good luck newcomers at a table often have, when you leaned right over my shoulder to grab your six louis on the middle dozen. It is many a year since a woman's arm has touched my neck; and I forgot my bitterness. But, of course, it ruffled my hair, and when the croupier pushed up the money for your "cheval" with his rake, I picked it up, and handed it to you—and you thanked me.

"Le carré de dix-sept, et en plein," you said a minute later, putting money into the croupier's upturned hand; "et le trente-deux trente-cinq; et deux louis en monnaie, s'il vous plaît."

All in your drawling voice which must sound so quaint to Frenchmen. You pronounced "carré," like the American Carrie, with an "a" as broad as daylight, and enough "r's" for a Greek chorus. And then, just as the ivory ball flagged, you cried—

"Neuf en plein."

And the croupier threw your five-franc piece up, and the spinner called "Rien ne va plus," and your stake was "annoncé" by the chef of the table precisely as the monotonous voice called—

"Neuf, rouge impair et manque."

And another voice called—

"Transversale pleine, carré et en plein—il n'y a rien à manque."

And the metallic scooping began.

"Golly," you said, "I've got a friend somewhere! And I forgot my middle dozen!"

You see, I remember it all pretty well.

That was your first *en plein*, but there were plenty more to follow, and I believe that after all these months, I could tell you every number on which you won. I was in a highly excited state. I had been mad with myself for losing so much money: I was mad

with the table for running so jerkily; and till your arm touched my neck, I was mad with everyone who had any luck at all. My hands were hot and sticky with the continual shuffling of my four last five-franc pieces; for my will was paralysed. I could not bring myself to stake them and to have done with the matter. It seemed as if I must watch your play.

"Hold my bag, will you?" you said to the man with you. "This is something formidable."

And every now and then you dropped some of your winnings into the gold bag that he held open for you. I don't fancy that you were much excited by your success. You are probably a rich woman; you had dined well; it seemed to you quite natural that the numbers which you backed came up so often. Your voice never lost its drawl, anyhow; to all appearances, you were calm enough, though you leaned your elbow on the back of my chair, and once, when thirty-five came up twice running, and you had doubled your *en plein* I felt you lift your elbow with a jerk.

It was just before this that the crucial thing happened about which I want to tell you. You, and one or two other people, had won on zero, the croupier at my side was busy and the money for your *en plein* was pushed up in front of me, out of your reach. As once or twice before, I picked it up for you—seven five-franc pieces in a heap, and seven louis on the top of them. It makes a good handful, and you held out both white-gloved hands for it as I half-turned to give it to you.

"Merci, Monsieur," you said, and our eyes met.

The moment afterwards I realised that one of the louis had stuck to the palm of my hand.

Of course, this is an old swindler's trick. But I swear to you that in this instance it was entirely a chance. For the instinct which made me close my hand at once and surreptitiously convey the louis to my waistcoat pocket I can offer no excuse; though many reasons. Enough that I am an inveterate gambler and superstitious to the point of folly. I knew that your money would bring me luck.

It did. I changed it for four pieces and backed the last dozen, the last six and thirty-two, thirty-five *à cheval*. Thirty-five came up. I doubled my stakes. It came up again. I doubled them. Thirty-two came up. Then zero. We were both on it. Then twenty. Again we won. I have got my card in front of me as I write. The spinner was tired, and kept throwing *voisins*. In ten minutes I had a pile of money in front of me, and my hands were trembling so that I could hardly write down the numbers on my card. Very soon I was playing in gold, while you stuck to silver; for I am an old gambler and know how to take advantage of a vein of luck. But I always put a piece of silver on thirty-five, because it had marked the beginning of the vein.

I left the tables that night with no less than ninety-seven louis in my pockets. But that was long after you had gone, long after you had contrived to lose all your winnings and had sauntered away with your companion.

"That jest makes me mad," you said. "I think I'm poifectly crazy to go an' lose all that again."

I paid you back your louis all right, before you went. Several times I tried to hand you your winnings again, and to add a louis to the pile in my hand; but somehow I muddled it, or couldn't get the louis to stick to my palm. However, you saved me the trouble yourself; for, to my intense relief, you claimed my stake on thirty-five when it came up. We had both been staking on it pretty regularly, but you had forgotten it that time. The croupier, noticing my involuntary movement of protest, told you that the five-franc piece on thirty-five belonged to me. But I corrected him firmly.

"No, no, it is to Madame," I said. "I forgot to stake that time, worse luck."

So you got back a hundred and seventy-five francs for the twenty that I borrowed from you. And in the end the Bank got it.

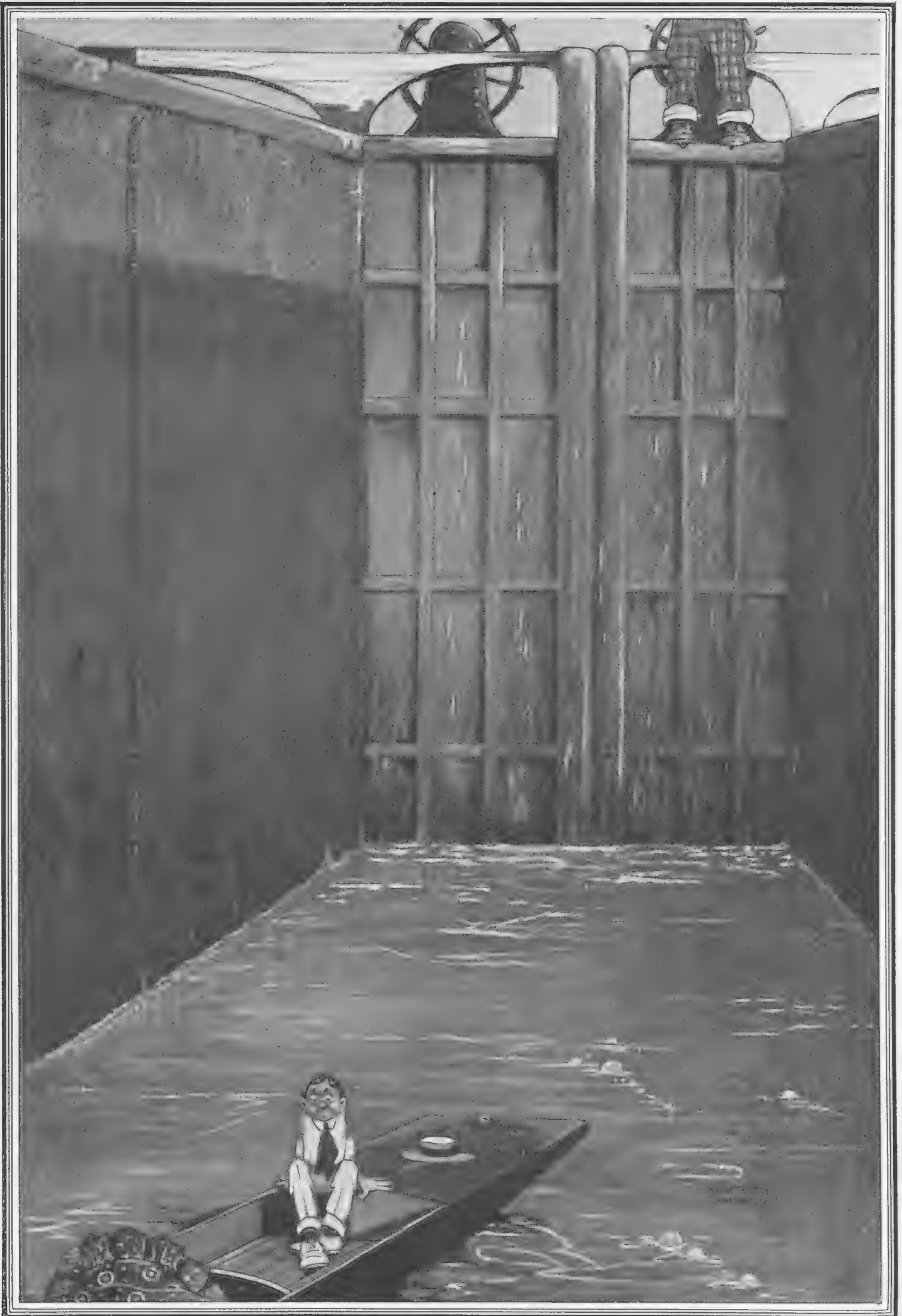
But I'm not quite easy in my conscience.

Will you forgive me?

THE END.

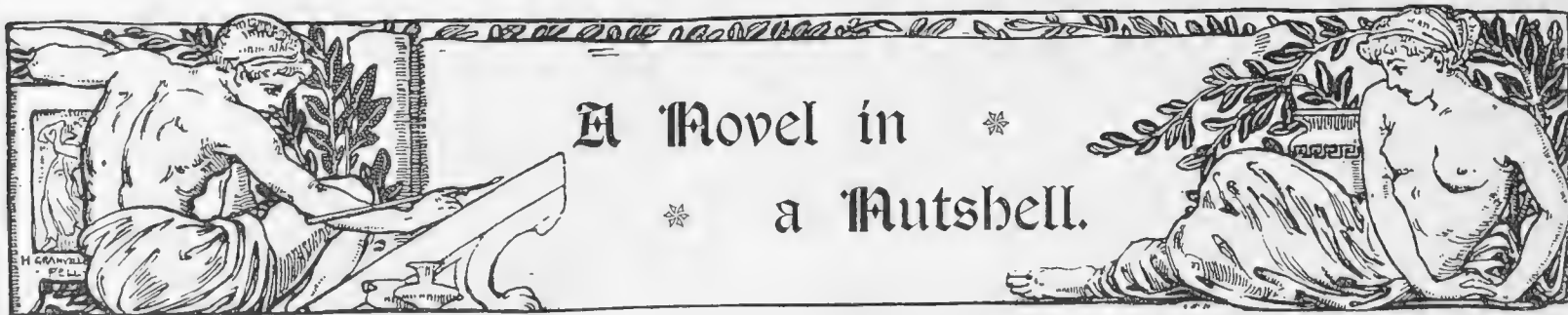
A SINKING SENSATION.

FOR SALE



ALGY IN THE LOCK.

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.



THE HEIGHT OF ALTRUISM.

By F. HARRIS DEANS.

"WHO'S that?" I demanded, as Elizabeth bowed and then tried to look as if she hadn't.

"Where?" she asked, gazing round in every direction but one.

"He's on the ground," I informed her, as she finally glanced skyward; "he hasn't brought his aeroplane out with him to-day. I mean, the man on the other side of the road, who doesn't appear to be able to make up his mind whether to pretend that he didn't see your bow, or that you didn't see his."

"Oh," said Elizabeth uncertainly, "oh—I don't know who he is."

"What made you bow to him, then?"

"I didn't. He bowed to me. I cut him. You know I did. I'll never speak to you again if you say he didn't."

"Anything for the sake of conversation," I said agreeably; "keep talking. You cut him so severely that I saw the blood come—to his face."

"No," said Elizabeth, clutching at my arm in her eagerness, "not really? Do you mean he—blushed?"

"Well," I hedged, "if he wasn't blushing he was feeling particularly healthy at the moment; he distinctly glowed."

"Is he"—with an effort she stopped herself glancing round—"is he still staring at me?—horrid creature!"

"No," I reassured her, looking over my shoulder, "he's gone on."

"Beast!" she snapped viciously "that's just like him."

"Seeing you are unacquainted," I mentioned mildly, "you seem curiously familiar with his manners."

"I never said I didn't know him."

"You did."

"I didn't. I said I *don't* know him."

"Where's the difference?"

"Wasn't there a Law to make children go to School when you were a boy? One's the present tense, and the other's the past."

"I see, and he's a past tensor?"

"M'm," said Elizabeth, with an air of one exhausted with the subject. "Just look at that woman's hat, Dick; did you ever see anything like it?"

"Awful, isn't it," I agreed.

"How can you know?—you're not looking."

"I know without looking; that's why I let you come out with me sometimes; I hate ugly things, and you always point out where I don't want to look."

"I'm sure I don't; I always tell you if I see anything pretty. There's a smart hat over there, now—at least, they were all the rage last year; nobody decent could wear one. . . . I wonder why on earth she wears the thing—it doesn't suit her a bit."

"Perhaps the poor woman hasn't any friends to tell her. She looks a lonely soul."

"More likely they have told her, and that's why she hasn't any friends." She hesitated for a moment, and glanced at me from the corner of her eye. "Talking of friends," she resumed, in a curious tone of embarrassment.

"Don't let's start talking scandal on a lovely day like this," I pleaded.

"I wasn't going to." She paused, and dug at the gravel path with the end of her sunshade. "Let's sit down, shall we, I want to tell you something."

"About—?" I gave a backward jerk of my head as we seated ourselves.

"Ye—es, though I don't know however you guessed."

"Intuition," I said complacently; "I have a frightfully keen intellect some days—I think it must be something in the air." There was a restful silence for a moment, during which I mused over how clever I was, and Elizabeth sat trying to think out how clever she could be.

"I wouldn't tell you," she burst out at length, "only I know it's really my duty."

"Duty!" I sneered disparagingly. "If it's your conscience that's egging you on to tell me, Elizabeth, let's talk of something more interesting."

"And anyhow, if I didn't, somebody else would."

"Ah, that sounds more hopeful. I knew I shouldn't hear much if it only depended on your conscience."

(Copyright in U.S.A.)

"His name," she said, beginning for once at the beginning, "is Greatorex—Marmaduke Greatorex."

"Marmaduke," I said reflectively—"I knew a boy of that name at school; we called him 'Marmalade.' Still, it's a good name, if you can live up to it—he couldn't; he became a stockbroker in the end."

"I met him," she went on, "at my aunt's last year; he was a Misogynist."

"A *what*?" I cried, aghast at this display of erudition.

"It means a woman-hater. I looked it up in the dictionary when they told me what he was."

"Good Lord!" I said, still unsettled. "Fancy having people looking one up in the dictionary! No wonder he looked so depressed."

"He used to say most awful things about us girls," she pursued. "I shouldn't like to tell you half he said."

"Wouldn't you?" I murmured sympathetically. "Try. Don't think to spare me."

"Well, for one thing," she said, thus urged, "he said—he said—well I don't what he *didn't* say."

"Don't worry about what he didn't say—that's not the part I feel I shall be interested in."

"Well, he said—mind you, this isn't a quarter as bad as some of them, only I can't remember those—he said the feminine sex—that shows you the sort of man he was, doesn't it?" she broke off. "Fancy saying, 'feminine sex.' Well, anyhow—don't get so impatient, Dick; I'm telling you as quickly as I can; you keep interrupting so. He said the feminine sex was the rock on which men were—wrecked, or foundered, or—something nautical, anyhow. He was a horrid man."

"To some extent," I admitted, "I can sympathise with your feelings."

"And then he said," she went on, "that marriage was a snare to which woman was a successful but inadequate bait." She paused, flushed with indignation, and eyed me expectantly.

"A felicitous phrase," I said, feeling bound to say something, "but sadly lacking in tact."

"Yes, it was, wasn't it? So, of course—" she spoke in the tone of one who had made many sacrifices—"I had to—"

"Snub him," I interposed. "Naturally. That, of course, accounts for his behaviour just now."

Elizabeth flushed a little, and gazed interestedly at the tip of her shoe.

"Well," she said, a trifle awkwardly, "I didn't exactly *snub* him. I—I talked to him—tried to persuade him . . . differently, you know." Her expression was vague.

"Oh," I said, not following her. "What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything. Don't pretend to be dense. Don't you understand?"

"Hanged if I do."

"Why, don't you see, of course I had to convince him that women were not—well weren't quite what he thought them. I had to try and make him have a higher opinion of them."

"I see," I cried, my brow clearing. "Well?"

"Well?"

"What happened; did you succeed?"

"Temporarily, anyhow."

"Do you mean you couldn't live up to it, or what?"

"No, there was nothing to live up to; he—he misunderstood my motives."

"I suppose," I ventured, "he thought you had converted him for personal reasons?"

"I think he must have. I don't think, you know, he could have been quite a gentleman."

"To have entertained such a base suspicion?" I queried.

"Not only that. To say the things he did."

"Why, what did he say?"

"For one thing he called me a flirt. That wasn't flirting, was it?"

"Flirting! It was the height of altruism."

"The height of altruism," Elizabeth murmured reflectively, at the same time glancing at me approvingly. "Do you know, I think that's rather a nice description. And it's true too, isn't it?"

"Why, yes," I answered, "comparatively."

THE END.

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BRITISH AEROPLANE DESIGN; THE "K" OF THE CAR; AND THE R.A.C. GALA DAY.

A True British Aeroplane.

It is at times comforting to realise that there are aeroplanes in this country which are not altogether French in workmanship and design; indeed, there is here and there one that is wholly and entirely English in both respects. One such is the rather bizarre-looking machine made by Mr. Dunne at Eastchurch. The Dunne machines are made in both monoplane and biplane form, and are curious to the eye, inasmuch as the planes are blunt V-shape in plan and have considerable camber from the shoulder to the tip. The flaps at the extremities of the main planes are for the purpose of steering and elevation only, and are operated by independent levers. Although varying so distinctly from standard, it is interesting to learn that the French rights for building these machines have been acquired by the Astra Company. A very high degree of that most essential quality, stability, is claimed for the Dunne production.

A Gauge of Quality.

Many motor-car owners would welcome some fairly comprehensible means of ascertaining without fear of error whether the car they own at the moment, or one they are about to purchase, is up to the standard of its class. A trial run with the car in the hands of an expert may seem all that it ought to be, but it must be borne in mind that under the conduct of the owner the showing may not be quite so rosy. Mr. P. A. Poppe, of the well-known firm of Messrs. White and Poppe, has devoted much time and thought to this matter. From a number of observations and calculations extending over a very long period Mr. Poppe has evolved a formula, simple to resolve, the result of which permits the per-

stroke of his pistons in centimetres, his gear ratio, the diameter of his back wheel in centimetres, the total weight of his car with passengers in tons, and he is in possession of all the facts required. He then multiplies the diameter by itself, then that product by the stroke, then that product by the number of his cylinders, and then that product by his gear ratio. That gives him one quantity. This quantity has to be divided by a divisor obtained by multiplying the diameter of his rear wheels by the weight of his car, and the

quantity or figures so obtained represent what Mr. Poppe terms the K of the car. Being in possession of the K of his car, the motorist can, by running his finger along a table, read the maximum gradient which his car should climb, fully loaded, on top speed, or for any lower speed for which he has worked out the K. If the car does not behave up to this standard, then she is not the car she ought to be, and the owner or would-be purchaser can make himself nasty. The system and the tables were given in the *Autocar* of June 22.

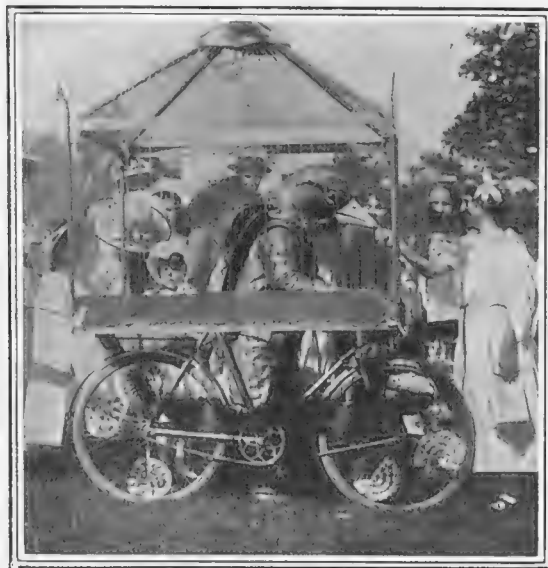


THE LOHENGRIN BODY: A SWAN CAR THAT HISSES.

The remarkable body of this car is somewhat reminiscent of a famous scene in "Lohengrin," although a swan that hisses is not the sort of bird that singers would care to associate with opera. The swan on the unique car shown above has this critical faculty, the hiss being effected by means of a pedal that releases compressed gas. The car was specially built in England for its owner in Calcutta, Mr. Matthewson, and, naturally, it astonished the natives.—[Photograph by Fleet.]

Automobile Club and Associated Clubs last year that it is to be repeated on July 27 next. It affords an opportune and enjoyable occasion for the reunion of representatives of the numerous bodies and the individual membership of the big Club in Pall Mall. Inter-club competition is fostered by the hill-climb and the relay race, and private drivers, as apart from those connected with the trade, are encouraged by the proviso that in the hill-climb three out of the four cars in each team, and both cars in the relay

So successful Gala Day. and so much appreciated was the Inter-Club Meeting and Gala Day of the Royal



A LITTLE BIT OF SUGAR FOR THE BIRD: A CANARY RIDING A BICYCLE AT WOODFORD.

Some unusual riders made their appearance at the fifteenth annual meet of cyclists held recently at Woodford, in aid of hospitals and other medical charities in the neighbourhood. Among them was a canary in a cage.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

lated horse-power tax, have already put the motoring public into training for tackling Mr. Poppe's little sum. The car-owner has only to know the diameter of his cylinder or cylinders, and the

performances of cars of various weights and powers to be accurately arrived at. The word "formula" must not in this case affright the ordinary motorist. It is not a matter of abstruse quantities bristling with bewildering signs, in which so many theorists delight, but just a simple matter of arithmetic, which everyone can tackle.

To Find "K."

As a matter of fact, the Treasury by the institution of the formula regulating the ill-regu-

owned and driven by private members. A member of a firm of motor-manufacturers or agents may claim to be considered a private member in the ordinary sense of the term, but, for obvious reasons, he cannot be so regarded when taking part in purely club competitions. To provide something of a spectacle, an all-comers' handicap will be held, while the skilful-driving race and hill-climb, and the blindfold driving competition will form

the lighter part of the programme. But the programme is merely an excuse for the foregathering of members, clubmen, and associates from all parts of the kingdom.



A NURSERY-RHYME HERO ON WHEELS: HUMPTY-DUMPTY—WALL AND ALL—ON A BICYCLE.

Another striking figure at the Woodford meet of cyclists was the familiar figure of Humpty-Dumpty, accompanied by the historic wall, both on the same machine.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

[Continued on a later page.]

ROYAL HENLEY: THE STORY OF THE REGATTA.

Henley There Before the Regatta.

just where the regatta takes place. Of course, they would not believe it, but it is a fact, to be mentioned in the privacy of the home, that Henley was there before the regatta! All the world comes, nowadays, to race at Henley, and the carnival is the great event of the year to the aristocracy of the rowing world; but the whole thing arose out of Henley's determination to benefit itself. Distinguished visitors to the Thames-side town may sniff at the pretensions of Henley to be considered for itself in relation to the regatta, but it was the townspeople who created the regatta, calling it into being in a resolution passed at a public meeting, declaring such a carnival capable of "producing most beneficial results to the town." To benefit the pockets of the burgesses of Henley, not to furnish data for sporting epics—that was the occasion of the Regatta's inception.

Queen Victoria and the Toll-Keeper.

Henley is royal because of its association with many Sovereigns. Queen Bess incorporated it; George II. did the same, but its charter as a municipal borough did not arrive until less than thirty years ago. Apparently the ancient rulers of the town took its royal favours "as read" and counted them not for gain. They had a toll-gate, through which all had to pass who sought a way across the town. It was customary, of course, for the royal carriage to pass unchallenged, but one day, Queen Victoria's equipage drew near, and the tollman slammed to his gate and demanded toll. It was in vain that, in order to avoid creating a precedent, the right to escape payment of the toll was explained; the custodian was as adamant. Then the Court official who had put the case to the man adopted more effective methods. He offered him the choice of alternatives—the river or an open gate. And the guardian of the gateway chose the better part.

The Beginning of the Regatta.

The early regattas did not differ greatly from many of the lesser events still flourishing in the provinces. Although the Grand Challenge Cup, subscribed for by the good people of the town, was instituted in the first year, 1839, the majority of the events were of purely local interest, such as the Local Sculls,

the Local Pairs, the Town Cup, and so forth. It took thirty years to eliminate them and to make the event one of general appeal. When the change did come, events did not at once assume their present shape. The Ladies' Plate was at first the New Cup, open



HENLEY WITHOUT THE REGATTA: THE COURSE IN READINESS, SHOWING THE ALTERED POSITION OF THE BOOMS.

In order to remove the advantage gained by winning the toss, and the lucky crew choosing the shelter of the bushes on the Bucks side, the booms marking the course at Henley have this year been placed ten feet farther from that side. This will make the chances more equal.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

for competition to the world. The Wyfold was originally the reward for winners of challenging heats for the Grand Challenge, being transferred some time later to four oars. The Diamond Sculls began as Makepeace's Silver Wherry. An old-time Henley programme would be almost unintelligible to-day to those unversed in the history of the changes that have been wrought. The standard of rowing and the method of preparation, too, have vastly altered. When the Henley carnival came into being, rowing was but newly accepted as respectable. It had formerly been considered suitable only for professional watermen, and the Doggett coat and badge had long been the chief prize for this class.

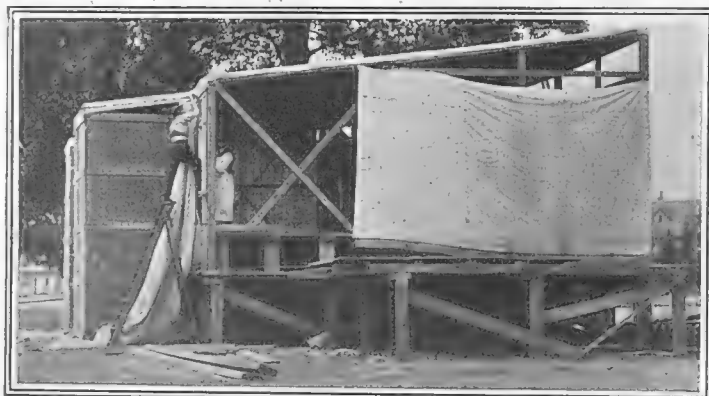
Queer Racing Arrangements.

The racing must have been diverting. There was only one umpire, and he was rowed during each race by a watermen's eight, for whom

he would act as coxswain, steering his boat and judging the race at the same time. The humour of the thing was that the watermen would generally overtake and pass the last eight of a heat, in order to keep in touch with the leaders, reproducing this feat, race after race, throughout a broiling day. Fancy a waterman's crew attempting it with one of our first-class eights to-day! It is conceivable, however, that many tired crews took the water. The arrangements were in the hands of men utterly unacquainted with rowing, whose only idea was that the programme should be varied, and that eights should be followed by pairs, and pairs by sculls. The result of this arbitrary scheme was that men, heavily entered, might have to cover the course thrice in successive half-hours. This haphazard method came to an end in 1862, when the competitors took matters into their own hands and ran the events as to them seemed best.

Henley Cosmopolitan.

In spite of the cry, "Henley for the English," the great regatta has become fixedly an international event, and the three victories of the Belgians in the Grand in recent years gave English oarsmen furiously to think, until last year a gallant eight, representing past and present of Jesus College, went out and defeated the Belgians over their own course.



PREPARATIONS FOR THE FIRST ROYAL "HENLEY": THE BUILDING OF THE BOX FOR THE KING AND QUEEN TO WATCH THE RACES.

For the first time in the history of Henley Regatta a royal box has been erected on the course, for the accommodation of the King and Queen. It was built on the bank opposite the winning post.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



CORNSTALKS OF THE AQUATIC VARIETY: THE AUSTRALIAN CREW ARRIVING AT HENLEY.

The Australian eight, previously quartered at Cookham, rowed last week the fourteen miles from Bourne End to Henley, where our photograph shows them arriving. Their boat, built by George Towns, of Sydney, is of Australian cedar. They use short oars, known as "toothpicks," requiring a very fast stroke.

Photograph by Topical.



WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Cosmopolitan London.

It is a special and amusing gift to be able to see one's own country and one's own people with the detached eyes of a visitor and an alien. Those who possess it tell me that every year London becomes—as well it may—more cosmopolitan in its manners and its outward aspect.



THE VOGUE OF THE AIGRETTE: A BECOMING COIFFURE AND HAIR-ORNAMENT FOR THE EVENING.

Photograph by Talbot-Interillus.

The newspaper kiosk in Hyde Park has added, at once, an extraordinarily gay air to that somewhat solemn enclosure, with its vistas of iron railings, its phalanxes of green chairs, and its trees which are all of one shape and colour. Then, our womenkind, especially our girls, have transformed themselves, of late years, from somewhat frumpy examples of Plumb-box Beauty into the most *chic* and audacious figures imaginable. In their brief and clinging garments, and hats of amazing aspect, put on at an angle which is, so to speak, a challenge, they have a closer resemblance to a Parisian or a Viennese than to the at one-time sober and demure-looking Englishwoman. Our men, to be sure, are more stable, and, except that they have relaxed the rigour of their dress, and now wear soft shirts, odd hats, and lounge suits in Pall Mall, you would never, by any stretch of imagination, mistake one for a foreigner. The very babies, it is alleged, have a nonchalant air which they did not possess a decade ago; so that you shall see fat persons toddling along in Kensington Gardens indulging in the "no-hat craze," or swinging their head-gear in one hand as they exhibit their golden curls to the admiring spectators. It is palpable this very young generation has inherited the greater freedom of manners, the cosmopolitanism, of their youthful fathers and mothers.

The Decline of the Party.

There is no doubt that the vogue of the party—whether given in the afternoon or evening—is on the wane. These gatherings—which were first instituted for purposes of conversation—are gradually going out of favour, because most people have nothing to say, or if they have, they do not wish to be at pains to communicate their ideas to each other. They are, for the most part, profoundly bored by the prospect of having to talk, for games of all kinds and motoring have quite put an end to reading, and anything except the gossip of the hour is considered too jejune to mention. Thus, to gather several hundred persons together in one room for the purpose of mutual entertainment seems nowadays a superfluous proceeding, and the invited ones show this opinion by assiduously playing the game known as "slipping away." In short, by giving an evening or an afternoon party in the year 1912 you are more apt to arouse the hostility of your friends than to earn their gratitude. And, after all, the large party, with conversation as the only pastime, is not indigenous to the soil, but an importation from abroad. The conversazione hailed from Italy; the soirée was first invented in Paris. Possibly we shall leave off these foreign forms of entertainment—where the talk is apt to be heavy and the refreshments light—in favour of the solid meals which were once the fashion, and which, for obvious reasons, are likely to be always in favour. We

shall all, in that case, know fewer people, but we shall be more likely to call them "friends."

River Girls and Seaside Girls.

The English girl has always been at her best when on the Upper Thames, a stream which she has made peculiarly her own, becoming, as it were, the Nymph of the River, and forming its greatest attraction and its most decorative asset. The little minx, to be sure, is quite aware of the fact, and has to assume an impenetrable mask of indifference and nonchalance what time a hundred eyes are bracketed upon her slender form, adhering, so to speak, to a punt-pole. She is as composed as an actress on the stage, and is, indeed, every whit as much in the limelight as the dancers in the Russian Ballet or the chorus-girls of Mr. Edwardes's theatres. Sometimes, to be sure, they double the rôle, and the pensive beauties in sun-bonnets you see floating by you on Sunday in Boulter's Lock are the self-same hours upon whom you will gaze the next night from your stall in the playhouse. The Seaside Girl, as a rule, is not so professional, but she is very typical of England, and is essentially middle-class. Now that swimming and bathing kit has become so universal, and bathing kit has developed into a highly decorative dress, the sea is once more in fashion, and everyone who can take a header or swim three hundred yards hastens to the shores of Britain, of France, and of Belgium to exhibit their prowess and, incidentally, their charms.

Dignified Monarchy.

If anything is wanting to convince us of the superiority of a constitutional monarchy to an autocracy like that of the President of the United States, it is being provided by the unseemly squabbles, the frenzied discussions and cabals which have been going on in America over the coming Presidential election. Nothing could be more scandalous, more undignified than such a way of choosing a ruler. And still worse is it that the potential Sovereigns of that great country should have to enter the arena, fling invectives and accusations at each other, and descend to the behaviour of bargees in their endeavour to belittle each other and gain the favour of the delegates to the Convention. Possibly I am "effete," but I prefer the simple announcement: "Le Roi est mort. Vive le roi!" to all this hustling and bad language. In England, the young Heir Apparent "comes of age," and he simply goes down to Windsor, attends service in St. George's Chapel—a very young Knight of the Garter—cuts a birthday cake in the company of his family, bows and smiles to the cheering populace outside, and finishes the festivities by taking a walk, alone with his little sister, in Windsor Park. The whole affair is simple, dignified, and charming; and, compared with the frenzies and imprecations, the fury and the rioting which are involved in even the preliminaries of a Presidential succession, must give even the most ardent Republican "furiously to think." Rulers, it is obvious, should be calm, wise, cool, and a little aloof.



AT THE CONTINENTAL SEASIDE: EVENING TOILETTES FOR THE CASINO.

(1) A white-silk evening mantle, the feature of which is a deep flounce of pleated lisse, attached to the hem of the coat by a garland of poppy-red roses. (2) An evening gown of sapphire-blue crêpe-de-Chine; the tunic, which is made of black Chantilly tulle, forms a panier on the left side, and on the right is bordered with a deep band of Milanese lace. The same lace is used for one sleeve and the edging of the revers.



THE "HEDGEHOG" HEAD-DRESS: PLEASANTER TO LOOK AT THAN TO SIT BEHIND AT THE THEATRE.

Photograph by Talbot-Interillus.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on July 10.

THE MARKETS.

IT looks as if we were in for a spell of dull markets and lack of business so far as the Stock Exchange is concerned. Consols refuse to pick up, despite the Chancellor's £5,000,000, while Home Rails are more depressed and lifeless than we ever remember; and from end to end of the stock and share list Home Securities are out of favour. This is the dominant note at the moment, and seems likely to continue so as long as Mr. Lloyd George remains the prominent figure upon the Government side of the House of Commons. The truth is that people with money are thoroughly frightened, and, with Limehouse, Cardiff, and many other speeches to give them warning, prefer the risks of foreign to home securities. It may be that Socialism, labour troubles, and dangerous legislation are as likely to cause trouble in South America or Africa as in England; but that which the eye does not see the heart does not grieve for, so the by-this-time-frightened capitalists have hardened their hearts, and are sending their money out of harm's way (that is to say, Mr. Lloyd George's way) as fast as they can.

Who knows, when the last landowner has been despoiled, whether the democracy, with a whetted appetite, may not turn and rend the unearned-income owner! Good bonds to bearer, with coupons payable in New York, London, Berlin, and Paris, are the most favoured class of investment for a bloated capitalist in these times.

THE CONSOLIDATED MINES SELECTION COMPANY.

For those who wish to take some interest in the South African Market the shares of this Company have considerable attraction at their present price.

The Company has interests in various Companies, such as Spring Mines, New Era and some Rand Deep Levels, but the chief interest at present lies in its holding of Brakpan, and Transvaal Coal Trust. The directors have always refused to disclose the figures of the various holdings, and, in spite of a definite question at the meeting in May, no details were given on this point. The Chairman, however, stated that the market price of their holdings in Brakpans and Transvaal Coal Trusts amounted, at least, to the value of their issued capital, while the Debenture debt is fully covered by cash in hand. The issued capital is £552,500 in 10s. shares, and at the date of the meeting Brakpans stood at 3½ and Transvaal Coal Trusts at 2½.

We understand that the holding in the former Company is the larger, and if we take the figures to be 110,000 and 80,000 respectively, we get a result that must be nearly correct. Brakpan have declared a dividend of 3s. per share, and are expected to pay another 4s. for the year, while Transvaal Coal Trusts will probably pay about 25 per cent. If this is correct, the Consolidated Mines Selection Company will receive £57,500 for the year from these two Companies, which is equivalent to about 10 per cent. on the capital. The value of these holdings will increase, and when Spring Mines reach the producing stage, there will be every prospect of largely increased dividends.

THE BARCELONA TRACTION, LIGHT, AND POWER COMPANY, LTD.

The activity of what is generally known as the Canadian Electric group has been so marked lately that some particulars of the above Company may be of interest. It was originally the old Barcelona Tramway Company, and was incorporated under its new name in Canada last year with a share capital of twenty-five million dollars in 100-dollar shares, and there have been issued 3½ million sterling 5 per cent. First Mortgage bonds. This Company has recently acquired nearly all the share capital of the Compania Barcelonesa de Electricidad, which supplies the tramways and light and power business in Barcelona, and it is now proposed to establish a hydro-electric installation of about 120,000 horse-power. The electric energy will be transmitted to the town over a distance of about 135 miles, as is done in the case of the Mexican Light and Power Company, which generates its power about 160 miles from El Oro. The Company's engineers estimate a minimum selling price of £6 per horse-power against a present price, owing to dear coal, of £17.

Barcelona is one of the most important industrial centres in Spain, and is now consuming 150,000 horse-power, and the cheapening of the cost should lead to increased consumption. It is estimated that 120,000 horse-power at an average price of £6 per horse-power per annum should show a net profit of £652,000 a year. The Board is a most powerful one, numbering among its members President and Vice-Presidents of the Rio Tramway Company, and directors of both the Mexican and Sao Paulo Companies, while Mr. Trowbridge, late general manager of the Mexican Light and Power Company, is the general manager.

The Common shares were introduced last month to the London market and now stand about 55 dols., at which price they are certainly attractive, and there appears to be a general feeling that they will touch a very much higher price before very long.

BAYS, CHINA, AND COPPER.

For some time past there has been a general feeling that the shares of the Hudson's Bay Company should be split into a smaller denomination, and the directors have just called an extraordinary meeting to deal with the supplementary charter, and at the same time to ask for powers to split the existing £10 shares into shares of £1 each. That the Market is pleased with the recently issued Report and with the proposed split is made clear by the rise which has taken place in the price of the shares.

Among the provisions of this new charter is the power to issue a million Preference shares, but nothing is said about the rate of interest that they will carry. An announcement on this point at the forthcoming meeting is eagerly awaited.

We stated last week that negotiations for the new Chinese Loan were progressing satisfactorily, but it is now announced that they have received a check, as the Chinese Government object to the foreign control of the expenditure. They must have the money, however, and it is not likely that they can get it anywhere else. Only a small part could be raised internally, so it looks as if they would have to accept the present terms in the end. We regret very much that England has anything to do with the matter, which is sure to end in disaster.

The price of copper fell away to £78 7s. 6d. per ton at one time last week, and Copper shares are sympathetically lower. Some of the decline has since been recovered, and the general opinion seems to be that the quotation for the metal will go ahead again before long, and we are inclined to think that the rise in the price of the shares is not finished yet.

YANKEES.

There is some satisfaction in being able to point to the rise in Eries, because on many occasions the shares have been indicated here as a good gamble and one that is likely to pay the man who will take up the shares and await developments; while the speculator is not called upon to pay onerous rates if he elects to carry over. The election farce in the United States has been a singularly passive factor in the Market over here. Except in the way of checking business, it has done little to influence prices, and when the American public settle down after their election madness, we have very little doubt indeed but that there will be a strong revival on both sides of the Atlantic in the leading shares.

After all, the best things to follow are those which possess the most active market. Our own particular fancy is Union Pacific, in spite of the heavy character of the price, and we base our optimism on the 10 per cent. dividends being paid quarterly by the Company, and the probability that they will be maintained. At 175, Unions pay 6 per cent. on the money. Amongst the lower-priced shares, we would hold Eries for a higher price, and there is a fairly strong contingent which has Missouri in hand. Steels, of course, are popular because of the extremely free market that there is in the shares, but they are peculiarly susceptible to any apprehensions which may arise as to labour as well as political troubles. There is no sense in rushing in to buy Yankees on a good day; but for those who will wait to pick them up when it looks as though the market had not a friend in the world, there are good profits to be made by the exercise of a little patience.

THE MEXICAN BOOM.

Mexican Rails have had such a tremendous rise that the market in the Stock Exchange rather looks for reaction. Of course, the rise is thoroughly justified, and even at 60 Mexican Ordinary is not too highly valued for the speculative investor who pays for his stock and can disregard the merely market vagaries of the moment.

It is astonishing how strong the market is for Mexican issues. Mexico Tramways Common shares, Mexican Light and Power, Monterey bonds, and all other Mexican descriptions are in eager demand.

The Mexican Northern Power shares, recommended here as a gamble in our last week's Stock Exchange letter, went up four points before *The Sketch* appeared, and are now about 31. The Company has not commenced operations yet, so far as we are aware, but it has a big area for its activities, and one of these days it may turn out to be a second Mexican Light and Power Company.

Were the revolution to break out again, by any unhappy chance, what a crack there would be in Mexican stocks and

[Continued on page 434.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Confusion Worse Confounded.

Mistresses and maids, masters and men are all in a fog over the latest orders of our grandmotherly Government. No one knows what to do about the Insurance Tax. What are approved societies? What societies are approved? Have you to turn your servants out directly they get ill? Can mistresses legally stop any part of wages which they contract to pay? These are some of a cataract of questions which are being asked now that this bemuddled Act is to have its trial trip. Women have not had tax-collecting included in their education; men hate the idea of it; servants say their wages will go to keep skulkers and shirkers. It is a case of revolt all round, and the only good point about it is that it has brought employers and employed together in a bond of disapproval, so far as the domestic part of the scheme is concerned. Employers in the West End are quite pleased; they say that what they pay to the Act for, say, sixty girls will be far less than what they have given them when away ill, and they will have no responsibility and can cause no discontent.

Sand Building by the Sea.

Children need no inducement to the congenial task of building castles in the sand. It is, however, provided for them. Prizes of five guineas, two guineas, and one guinea are offered for photographs of the best models in sand—one for original suggestions for advertising Wright's Coal Tar Soap; another for a model of any of the firm's existing advertisements—pictorial or otherwise. In addition to the three prizes in each of these classes will be ten of 10s. 6d. Rules for this fascinating competition can be had on application to "Sands," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 66-68, Park Street, Southwark, S.E., or can be seen in the advertising columns of this paper. In awarding the prizes, the Advertising Manager's decision will be final, and the result will be advertised in the



THE BOUTON - DE - MANCHETTE
EN FLEURS.

Photograph by Talbot.

22. This competition will give an added joy to the seaside holidays in which parents and children will share. The photographing of the work on the sands will be the elders' part, although the quality of the picture will not count; only the building on the sands. Parents, however, will spare no pains to do full justice to the little people's labours.

The Perfect Skin. In this summer weather we ought to take care of our skins and help them against the influences of heat and dust, violent exercise, tearing through the air in motor-cars, yachting, bathing, and all those pleasures of the season into which we enter so light-heartedly. There is one thing we should never be without—Rowland's Kalydor—a preparation of known value in preventing and in curing all evils resulting from the summer and its perils to the skin. It is very soothing and refreshing and delightfully cooling, and is warranted to be free from any injurious ingredients which are found in many skin preparations. It is therefore well to make quite sure and always have a bottle of Rowland's Kalydor with one wherever one is.

Queen Alexandra. Love for Queen Alexandra and loyalty to her were never in doubt. English people are devoted to her Majesty, and it was abundantly proved last week,

when a great scheme for doing her honour and for helping the sick and suffering through King Edward's Hospital Fund had its preliminary canter. Alexandra Day was tried and found to be splendidly successful. Next year it is proposed to extend it through the kingdom, eventually through the Empire. Next year will be the jubilee of her Majesty's arrival on these shores. When she came the people went fairly wild with enthusiasm for her young beauty and her great grace and charm. From that time to now she has drawn the hearts of the British people to her and held them "with hoops of steel." The wild rose which is now her badge will be bought and worn on Alexandra Day with a pride and an affection well won by the Sea-King's daughter from over the sea. Steadfast are the people of the little seagirt islands, who are rulers of half the world, and faithful are they to the lovely Queen with the heart of gold who has their hearts in her gracious keeping.

Alexandra Day.

It was a triumph for Queen Alexandra. Workmen and policemen paid their pennies for roses that they could not wear: the workmen thought it would not look workmanlike, so he put the rose in his pocket; the constable could not wear it on his uniform, so concealed it inside his helmet. An old man, with only one precious penny, bought a rose for a little girl, probably a granddaughter, and was himself presented with a bunch, when he quavered out, "I do love that good Queen; these 'ere'll be buried wi' me." The poor people were even more enthusiastic and eager to decorate themselves with the kind Queen's badge than the well-to-do, but all were eager, and the financial result should be very satisfactory.

It is not everyday that a 'cellist (and a woman) has the pluck to play while the blood is trickling from a wound. Miss Beatrice Harrison, daughter of Colonel Harrison, of the Royal Engineers, while at Budapest recently, cut the thumb of her left hand so severely that the wound had to be sewn up. Trusting to the stitches holding, she insisted, however, on fulfilling her promise to play at a concert. At first all went well. Then the audience was suddenly horrified to see blood on the strings of the 'cello and on the white dress of the lady, who was plainly in great pain. The stitches had given way under pressure. The news spread and next day the papers all praised the player, both for her art and as "a striking example of British grit."

"Who's Who in Golf" for 1912, issued by the Stanley Publishing Co., Ltd., is, as usual, well up to date in every respect. This year's issue contains 30,000 names of golfers and those of nearly 2000 golf clubs in this country and on the Continent. A leading feature in the Club Directory is the information given as to the length of each hole and bogey; also forms are given for players to fill up in order to facilitate information for future editions. References throughout are made as simple as possible by being classified on the A.B.C. system. In future "Who's Who in Golf" will be published in the first week in March.

Vanbrugh's Restoration comedy, "The Confederacy," is being given this week: this evening (July 3), and to-morrow afternoon and evening, at Mrs. Waldorf-Astor's house, 4, St. James' Square. Among those taking part in it are Lady Eileen Elliot, Mrs. Walter Rubens, and Miss Elizabeth Asquith. The performance is in aid of the Victoria League, and tickets may be obtained from the Theatre in Eyre, at 8, North Terrace, Brompton, S.W.



A GRANDDAUGHTER OF WHYTE-MELVILLE AS A SINGER: THE HON. MRS. NORAH JOHNSTON, WHO GAVE AN ORCHESTRAL CONCERT AT QUEEN'S HALL THE OTHER DAY.

The Hon. Mrs. Norah Johnston, who is well known in Society as a soprano singer, is a daughter of the late Viscount Massereene and Ferrard, and granddaughter of Whyte-Melville, whose "Good-bye" was set to music by Tosti. At Queen's Hall she was assisted by the London Symphony Orchestra, under Sir F. Cowen. She sang an air from "Samson et Dalila," and several songs.

wound. Miss Beatrice Harrison, daughter of Colonel Harrison, of the Royal Engineers, while at Budapest recently, cut the thumb of her left hand so severely that the wound had to be sewn up. Trusting to the stitches holding, she insisted, however, on fulfilling her promise to play at a concert. At first all went well. Then the audience was suddenly horrified to see blood on the strings of the 'cello and on the white



THE NEW CUFF BUTTONHOLE: THE "SUB ROSA."

Photograph by Talbot.



THE SLEEVE-HOLE INSTEAD OF THE BUTTONHOLE: A NEW PARISIAN FASHION IN BUTTONHOLES.

The latest fashion among the smart youth of Paris is to wear a buttonhole in the cuff, instead of in the usual place. That shown in the above photograph is a carnation.

Photograph by Talbot.

Continued from page 432.]

shares! It is an eventuality that must not be entirely lost sight of just yet.

National Railways of Mexico Second Preferred shares hang a good deal upon the Yankee Market, but have been trotted out a little of late, in connection with the rise in Mexican Rails. They are miles away from a dividend, these hundred-dollar shares standing at 22, but they make a lively gamble in a Mexican boom.

IN THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

That there should be keen disappointment at the failure of the Kaffir Market to respond to the quite good dividend announcements which had been made during June is natural enough, and it is difficult to diagnose the cause for the weakness of the market. The popular theory in the Stock Exchange is that Paris operators got rather beyond their depth, and that, in consequence, there had to be a good deal of stock thrown on to unwilling buyers, the public in the meantime holding its hand. This no doubt had a good deal to do with it, but the failure of public support must also be ascribed to a profound suspicion still entertained of Kaffir houses and their little ways. Recent events are too fresh in the memories of those who were bitten for the public to re-enter the market just now, and, accordingly, we have the spectacle of excellent returns on good-class Kaffir shares with the public entirely ignoring them.

SOME KAFFIR DIVIDENDS.

The East Rand affair has more to do with the flatness than Paris selling, and even now there are some who say that the worst has yet to be made known. With this overhanging the market, it is the less surprising that dividends should go for naught. Yet most of them are good. Rand Mines and Crown Mines are *cum* 5s. 6d.; Cities, 6s.; Knight's Deep and Wit Deep, 2s. 6d.; Meyer and Charlton, 5s.; Kleinfontein, 1s. 6d.; Modders, 10s.; Rose Deep and Van Ryn, 4s. 6d.; New Primrose, 5s.; Village Deep, 1s. 6d.; and Knights, 3s. 6d. Taking the current prices of the shares, it will be seen that the returns range from 6 per cent. to 25 per cent. on the money, allowing for the inclusion of the dividends in the prices. Having regard to the fact that in the majority of cases the lives are long enough to make investment in the shares worth while, it would seem that public attention will be forced again towards Kaffirs, for, after all, these are the most popular speculative counters in the House. For the moment, the market

looks as lively as mud, and it is possible that holders may have to wait until the end of the holiday season before they see any improvement in conditions.

Saturday, June 29, 1912.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a *nom-de-guerre* under which the desired answer may be published. Should no *nom-de-guerre* be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. J. C.—The address of the publishers of the Oil Manual is 11 and 12, Clement's Lane, E.C., and of the little Rubber book you mention, 16, Copthall Avenue.

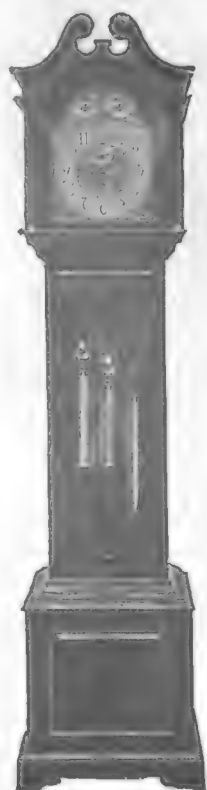
ANXIOUS.—We really cannot add anything to what you will find on the subject in this week's Notes.

BRAZIL.—The line is doing very well and the improvement, it is believed, has come to stay. We have not heard of any further progress in the negotiations with the Government.

OVERSTRAND.—We think the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific 5 per Cent. 20 year gold bonds issued a few months ago by Messrs. Speyer Brothers should suit you.

A. R. P.—The shares of La Guaira and Caracas Railway are a good speculative purchase; also, we think, Arauco shares.

SCHOLTO.—See Rule 5. The whole thing is a mere trap for the inexperienced, and you are sure to lose what little capital you have. It is people like you that the touts and bucket-shop thieves live upon. The secrets of making money without risk and of perpetual motion still remain undiscovered.



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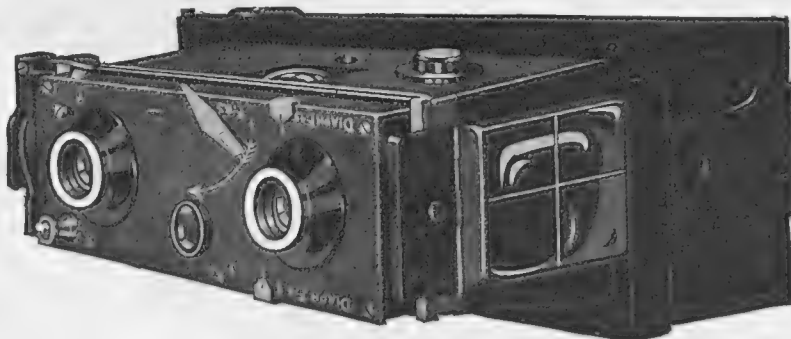
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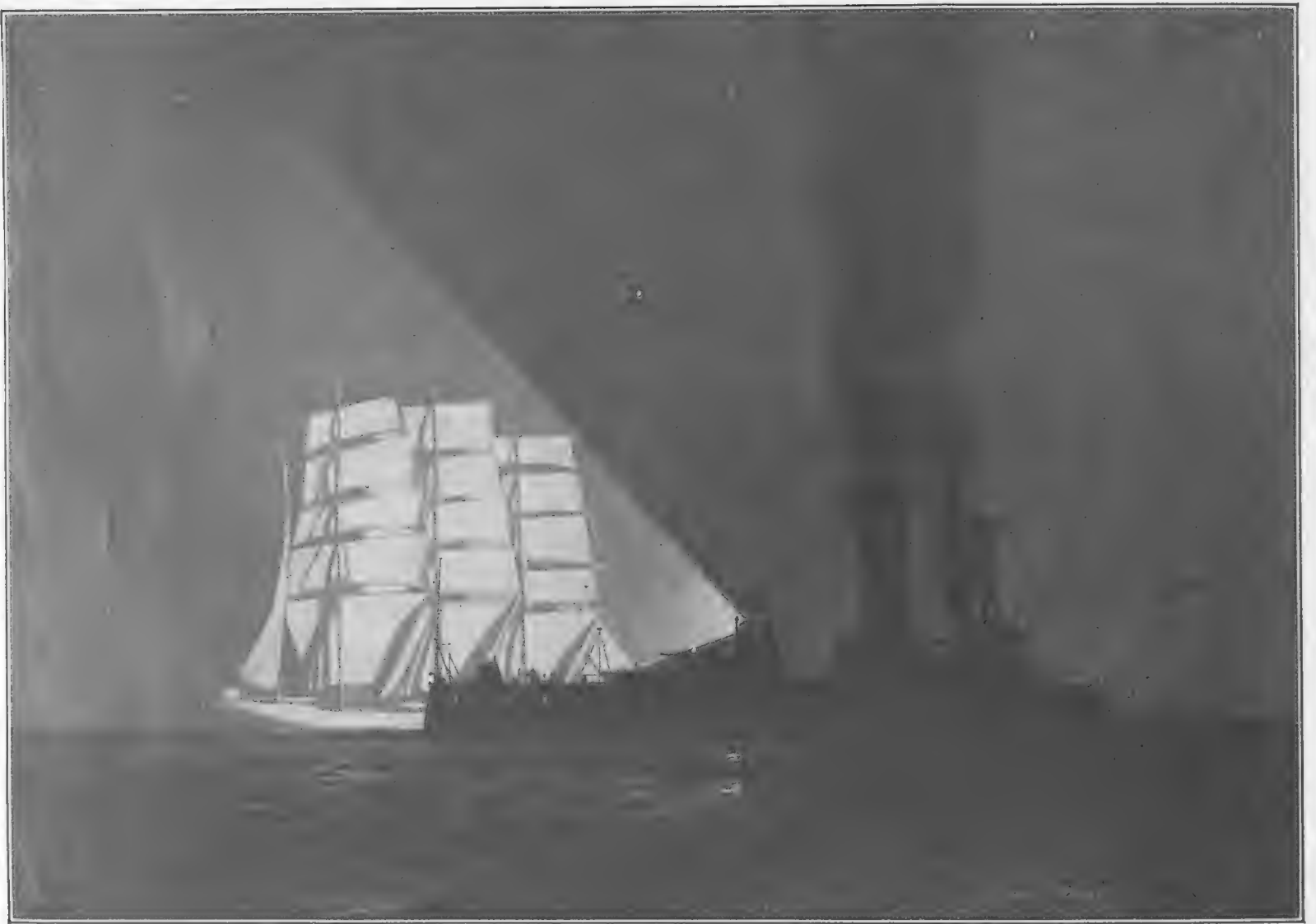


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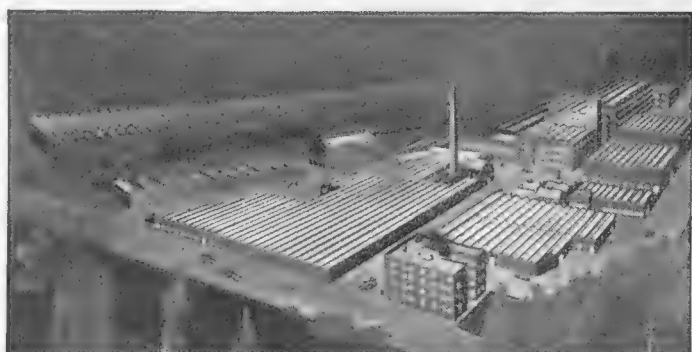
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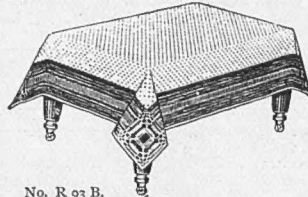
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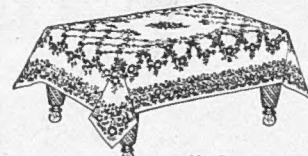
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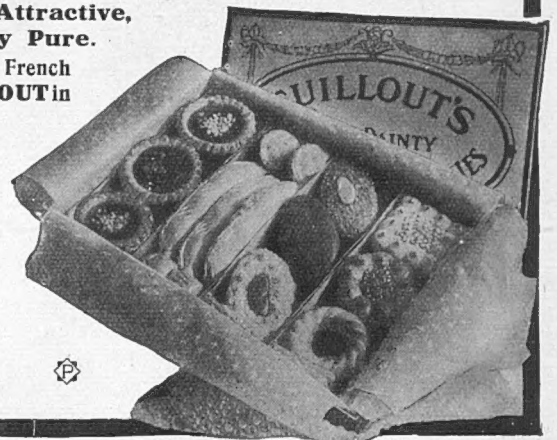
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 To the Vendors (Research Syndicate, Limited), NICHOLSON, GRAHAM AND JONES, 24, Coleman Street, London, E.C.

To the Vendors (Organic Products Syndicate, Limited), CLAPHAM, FRASER, COOK AND CO., 15, Devonshire Square, London E.C.

BROKERS:

MARKS, BULTEEL, MILLS AND CO., 31, Threadneedle Street, London, E.C.

AUDITORS:

W. B. PEAT AND CO., Chartered Accountants, 11, Ironmonger Lane, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES:

H. EDWIN COLEY, 50, City Road, London, E.C.

This Company has been formed to purchase from the Organic Products Syndicate, Ltd., and from the Research Syndicate, Ltd., certain exclusive Licenses under British, Colonial and Foreign Patents and other Rights for new and economical processes for the manufacture of Acetone, Fusel Oil, and Synthetic Rubber, owned or controlled by these Syndicates. The two former substances, Acetone and Fusel Oil, are valuable, quite apart from the fact that they form raw materials for the manufacture of Synthetic Rubber. The Estimate of Profits given is based solely on the manufacture and sale of Acetone and Fusel Oil, whilst the Synthetic Rubber section may be looked upon as carrying great possibilities of future profits.

The Company is also to take over, under certain conditions, all improvements and further inventions connected with Acetone, Fusel Oil, and Synthetic Rubber included in the Agreement for Sale which may be made during approximately nineteen years from the present date by Prof. W. H. Perkin, of Manchester University, and by Prof. A. Fernbach, of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, and by Strange and Graham, Limited, Technical Research Chemists, of 50, City Road, London, E.C. In the Company's Prospectus is given a list of patents and applications for patents connected with the processes to be taken over by the Company, in respect of which the Company will (without further consideration than that mentioned in the Agreement for Sale) be entitled to exclusive licences for the purposes of the processes sold. These stand in the names of one or more of the following: H. J. W. Bliss, H. Davies, A. Fernbach, W. R. Hodgkinson, F. E. Matthews, W. H. Perkin, C. A. Pim, E. H. Strange, and C. Weizmann.

It is proposed to commence the acetone and fusel oil processes in the first place by erecting a comparatively small plant of 10 units of 1000 gallons capacity each at a cost not exceeding £5000, manufacturing works already partially equipped being available for immediate occupation. This will occupy about three months. Then, after reporting to the shareholders, it is proposed to extend the Company's works on a suitable site by expending a further £145,000, making in all £150,000 expenditure on the Acetone and Fusel Oil sections.

It is also proposed to employ a sum not exceeding £25,000 for experiments in developing the manufacture of Synthetic Rubber on a commercial scale.

The prospectus contains particulars of contracts and other information to satisfy the requirements of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

Prospectuses, upon the terms of which applications will alone be received, and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bankers, Solicitors, Brokers, and the Secretary of the Company.

Dated June 29, 1912.

The inset contains Reports of Mr. Otto Hehner, Professor Fernbach, Dr. J. N. Goldsmith, and Strange and Graham, Limited, an account of the organisation of the Synthetic Rubber research, extracts from Professor Carl Harries' paper on Synthetic Rubber, published in Liebig's Annalen of August 17, 1911, and list of patents and applications, and letter from Messrs. Johnsons and Willcox, Patent Agents.

To the Directors of
THE SYNTHETIC PRODUCTS COMPANY, LIMITED,
 50, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Gentlemen,—I request you to reserve for me Six per Cent. Cumulative Participating Preferred Shares of £1 each, and on receipt from you of a copy of the Prospectus dated June 29, 1912, issued by you, I will sign and return you a formal application for such Shares. I enclose cheque for £..... being two shillings and sixpence per Share on the above number of Shares.

Full Name
 Address
 Description
 Date 1912.

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PERFUME 2/6, 4/6 & 8/6. TOILET WATER 3/6. HAIR LOTION 9/6.
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 SACHET 6/6. SOAP 1/6 per tablet. CACHOUS 3/6 per box.
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STANDING FOR 50 CARS.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

At Last.

Both the automobile public and the automobile industry must feel that they owe a profound debt of gratitude to the Sunbeam Motor Company for having so signally and so effectually relieved both of a reproach which has attached ever since Mr. S. F. Edge won the Gordon-Bennett race on a Napier car. Since then, and until Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, which days must hereafter be marked with the reddest of red letters in the automobile calendar, it seemed altogether beyond the capabilities of any English motor-manufacturer to produce a motor-car which could compete with those of foreign manufacture in such competitions as the Gordon-Bennett and Grand Prix races. This stigma has been erased in a wholesale manner by the wonderful and admirable triple victory of the Sunbeam cars in the Grand Prix and Coupe de L'Auto of last week. For while, as is known, the Sunbeams finished one, two, three for the Coupe de L'Auto, they also finished third, fourth, and fifth in the Grand Prix, which was for cars of unrestrained dimensions. Moreover, they also attach the Coupe de Régularité for their inimitable team performance, which carries with it a prize of £400.

Bewildering
Regularity.

But what is more astonishing even than the win itself is the wonderful regularity with which the cars, particularly the pair driven by Regal and Resta, reeled off circuit after circuit on both days of this the most strenuous test to which motor-cars have ever been submitted in competition. As is known, the Dieppe Circuit measures as nearly as possible forty-seven miles in circumference, and on the first day, Regal's slowest lap was covered in 48 min. 25 sec., and his fastest lap in 38 min. 18 sec. The length of the first-named lap was due to a depot stoppage for petrol, water, and wheels, and occurred in the sixth round. The total times for the two leading Sunbeams give even greater cause for wonder, for while Regal won in 14 hours 38 min. 36 sec., Resta was second in 14 hours 39 min. 51 4-5 sec., a difference of 55 4-5 sec. only, in a distance which covered over two days of 940 miles, or thereabouts. But, as I understand it, for having suffered from a leaky petrol-tank, which necessitated a stop to fill up at nearly every round, it is quite on the cards that Medinger, on the other Sunbeam, would have been up with his stable companions. As it was, he finished third, with the next car, a Schneider, beaten 1 hour 31 min. 58 sec. *Tout vient à qui sait attendre.* Surely we have waited long enough for a triumph of this kind, but now that it has come, it has come in full measure, heaped and running over. All honour to the Sunbeams!

Honour where
Honour is Due.

But having said so much about the cars, it is not meet that some of the accruing glory should not go to the tyres. All the Sunbeams ran upon Michelins, and that they could have given no trouble is proved to the hilt by the fact of the regularity itself. There is no fiercer or more devastating test of pneumatic tyres than a struggle *à outrance*, as this race was, and I am assured that the world in general and the Sunbeam Motor Company in particular will not fail to afford Michelin their due meed of the glory.

The Boillot-Peugeot
Continental
Grand Prix.

In view of the sporting chance which our French friends have given us in the Coupe de l'Auto, it is only fair that reference should be made to the magnificent race that took place between the big Peugeot and the bigger Fiat. It was, indeed, a fight to the death, and is due, perhaps, as much to Boillot's superb driving as to anything else. At the end of the second day, only 13 min. 6 sec. separated these two leviathans, and the race may be said to have been on the knees of the gods even in the last round. It was not until Boillot and the Peugeot appeared in the last straight for home that the tension in the minds of all good Frenchmen present was relieved. Boillot's average speed throughout was just on seventy miles per hour, and when the slowing for the numerous corners is taken into consideration, it is evidently true that at possible sections of the circuit he must have travelled at speeds well over 100 miles per hour. When this is realised, the staunchness of the tyres—Continental—which carried him through can be wholly appreciated.

What is Your
B.H.P.?

Members of the Royal Automobile Club who are keen to know the brake horse-power of their own cars, may obtain that knowledge by entering for the b.h.p. tests of private cars to be held on the Brooklands Track on July 19. The object of these tests is to obtain and record interesting data of the b.h.p. developed by the engines of cars of both new and old design, when travelling at maximum speed. The method of the test is as follows. Each car will be driven at its greatest speed over the measured half-mile, and the speed will be recorded. At the end of the distance the clutch will be taken out and the consequent retardation of the car will be measured on a Wimpey accelerometer, and from these data the b.h.p. will be calculated. There should be no lack of entries, for the name of those who would like to know the maximum speed of which their car is capable, plus the b.h.p., must be legion. Cars of old design are desired as well as cars of recent manufacture. The results will not be published.

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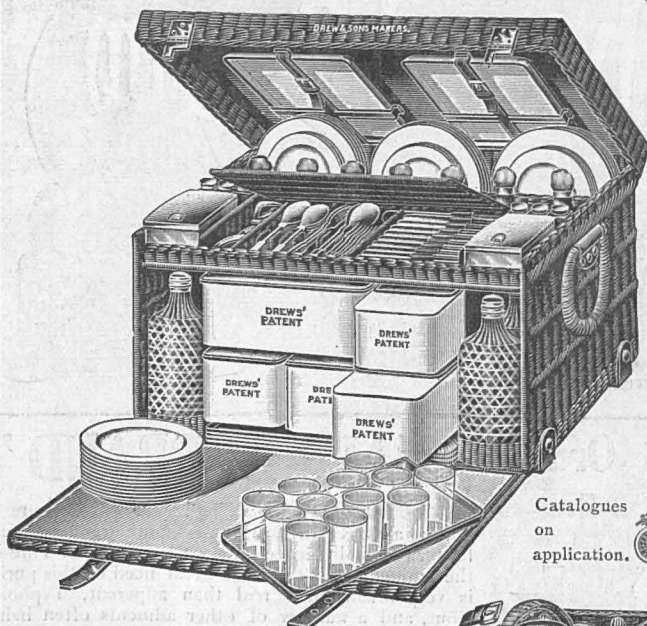
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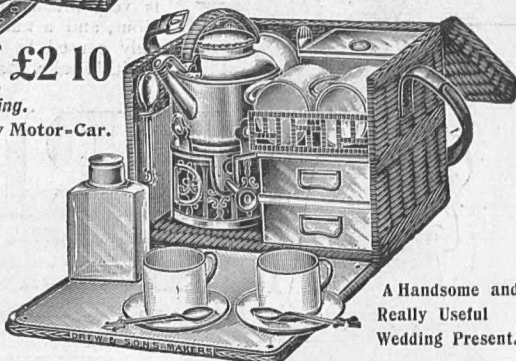
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